D. Anderson

# THOUGHTS

St. Germains 1794



OF

# JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU,

CITIZEN OF GENEVA.

SELECTED FROM HIS WRITINGS

BY AN

ANONYMOUS EDITOR,

AND TRANSLATED BY

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Study

Defcrip-

THOUGHTS

# THOUGHTS and MAXIMS.

## Of Pleaſures and Amuſements.

EXCLUSIVE enjoyments deſtroy pleaſure. The art of heightening pleaſures, is to be niggardly of them. To abſtain, in order to enjoy pleaſure, is the epicuriſm of reaſon.

Pleaſure is only legitimate, even in marriage, when deſire is reciprocal.

Never did a feeling heart love turbulent pleaſures, the vain and empty happineſs of thoſe people that have no feeling, and who think that to ſtupify life is to enjoy it. The variety of our de-

fires proceeds from our knowledge of things; and the firft pleafures which we tafte are, for a long time, the only ones we feek.

Thofe pleafures which we wifh others to believe we enjoy, are loft to all the world; we neither enjoy them ourfelves, nor does any body elfe.

Real amufements are thofe of which we partake in common with others; thofe which we want to enjoy exclufively we lofe.

The ridicule, of which, above all other things, opinion is in dread, is always near to tyrannize and punifh it. We never appear ridiculous but by means of fixed forms and received opinions: he who knows how to vary his fituation and pleafures obliterates to-day the impreffions of yefterday; he is nobody, or has, as it were, no exiftence in the minds of men, but he has fome enjoyment of himfelf, being always the fame, at all times, and in all circumftances.

Whatever appertains to the fenfes, and is not neceffary to life, changes its nature whenever it turns into an habit. It ceafes to be a pleafure when it becomes a want; it is fhackling ourfelves with a chain, and depriving ourfelves of an enjoyment. To anticipate defires is not the art of fatisfying, but of extinguifhing them. Let our taftes vary with our years, and let us not mifplace ages any

1 more

more than ſeaſons: we muſt be ourſelves at all times, and not ſtruggle againſt nature. Such vain efforts wear out life, and prevent us from enjoying it.

# The THEATRE.

WE muſt go to the theatre not to ſtudy morals, but taſte; it is there chiefly that it diſplays itſelf to thoſe who know how to reflect. The theatre is not calculated to teach truth, but to flatter and amuſe people; there is no ſchool where the art of pleaſing is ſo well taught, as well as that of intereſting the human heart.

The ſtudy of the theatre leads to that of poetry: they have exactly the ſame object.

The harm attributed to the theatre is not, properly ſpeaking, that of inſpiring criminal paſſions, but of rendering the heart ſuſceptible of too tender ſentiments, which are afterwards ſatisfied at the expence of virtue. The tender and ſoft emotions which are kindled there, have, perhaps, themſelves no fixed object, but they create the want of one; they do not make us fall in love, but they prepare us to feel it: they do not point out the perſons whom we ought to love, but they oblige us to make a choice. Were it even true that dramatic poets never delineate any other than legitimate paſſions, does it follow from this that their impreſ-

ſions are weaker, or their effects leſs dangerous? As if the lively repreſentations of an innocent tenderneſs and attachment were leſs amiable, and leſs faſcinating, leſs capable of enflaming a feeling heart, than thoſe of a criminal paſſion, to which the horror of vice ſerves at leaſt as an antidote to its flame. The patrician Manilius was expelled from the Senate of Rome for having given his wife a kiſs in preſence of his daughter. Now, if we conſider this action by itſelf, what was there in it that was reprehenſible? Nothing, undoubtedly: it was even the indication of an amiable ſentiment. But the chaſte deſires of the mother might kindle unchaſte deſires in the breaſt of the daughter; it was therefore ſetting an example of corruption by a virtuous action. Such are the effects of the ſcenes of love permitted at theatres.

If the heroes of ſome pieces are made to ſacrifice love to duty, the heart, while admiring their ſtrength, gives into their weakneſs: we do not ſo readily acquire their courage, as we learn to put ourſelves in ſituations that require it. It is increaſing the trials of virtue; but thoſe who dare expoſe it to theſe trials deſerve to be overcome.

Love even aſſumes the maſk of virtue to enſnare it; it puts on its enthuſiaſm, it uſurps its power, it affects its language: but when the deceit is diſcovered, it is in general too late to retract! How many worthy men are ſeduced by theſe ap-

pearances? How many, who were once tender and generous lovers, become by degrees vile feducers, deftitute of morals, or of conjugal faith, and regardlefs of the facred rights of confidence and friendfhip! Happy he who perceives his error when on the brink, and faves himfelf from falling into the precipice. Can we expect to ftop on a fudden in the middle of a rapid race? Is it by indulging every day the fofter feelings that we learn to overcome them? We eafily fubdue a flight inclination; but the man who has ever felt real love, and knew how to overcome it: Let us pardon that man, if fuch a man there be, for pretending to virtue.

If it be true that amufements are neceffary to men, we muft acknowledge that thofe only are allowable that are neceffary, and that all ufelefs amufements are an evil to a being whofe life is fo fhort, and whofe time is fo precious. There are pleafures belonging to men that are derived from his nature and his labour, as well as from his relations and wants; and thofe pleafures, lively and intenfe in proportion to the fondnefs of the mind that is capable of tafting them, diminifh all relifh for any others. A father, a fon, a hufband, a citizen, have fo many agreeable duties to fulfil, that they never want occupation and amufement. It is the being diffatisfied with ourfelves, it is the weight of idlenefs, and the abfence of fimple and natural

plea-

pleaſures, that renders foreign amuſements ſo neceſſary. I do not like that the heart ſhould be for ever attached and fixed on the outward ſcenes of life, as if it were uneaſy within itſelf. It was nature that dictated the anſwer of that barbarian, to whom one was extolling the magnificence of the circus, and the public amuſements, at Rome. " Have the Romans,' ſaid this good man, "neither " wives nor children?" The barbarian was in the right.

We aſſemble as we think, in public places, with our neighbours; but it is there that each individual is moſtly alone. We go there to forget our friends, our neighbours, our relations, in order to intereſt ourſelves in fables, to weep for the misfortunes of the dead, or to laugh at the expence of the living.

The man of reſolution and prudence, who preſerves an uniformity of conduct, is not eaſily taken off on the theatre; and even if it were eaſy to imitate him, the imitation, having little variety, would not be agreeable to the vulgar; they would feel themſelves little intereſted in a repreſentation in which they could trace no likeneſs to themſelves, and in which they could neither perceive their own morals nor paſſions. The human heart never can diſcover the meaning of objects, to which it feels itſelf a total ſtranger. The ſkilful poet, therefore, who knows the art of ſucceeding, ſeeks

to pleafe the vulgar, and takes care not to reprefent the fublime image of a heart that is mafter of itfelf, and that liftens to nothing but the voice of wifdom. He charms the fpectators with characters that are always in contradiction; who will and who will not, who make the theatre refound with cries and lamentations, which oblige us to pity them, even when they are doing their duty, and make us think that there is fomething very melancholy in virtue, fince it renders its friends fo miferable. Hence the poet, by reprefentations that are eafier and more varied, finds the way to flatter, and make a deeper impreffion on the fpectators.

This practice of making thofe people that we are made to love yield to their paffions, changes fo much our opinions concerning the fubjects of thofe things that are commendable, that we accuftom ourfelves to honour a pufillanimity of foul, under the title of fenfibility, and to ftile thofe men, whofe fteadinefs in the performance of their duty triumphs, upon all occafions, over their natural affections, hard-hearted and void of fentiment. On the contrary, we look upon thofe people to be of an amiable difpofition who, affected in a lively manner by every thing, are for ever the fport of events; thofe who weep like a woman at the lofs of what has been dear to them; thofe who are induced, by an excefs of friendfhip, in order to ferve their friends, to commit acts of injuftice; thofe

who

who know no other rule than the blind inclination of their heart; thoſe who are continually praiſed by the ſex that ſubdues them, and whom they ſtudy to imitate, and who poſſeſs no virtues but their paſſions, nor any merit but their weakneſs. It follows of courſe, that uniformity of conduct, fortitude, conſtancy, the love of juſtice, the empire of reaſon, become inſenſibly deteſtable qualities and vices, and objects of our cenſure. Men acquire reſpect by every thing that renders them worthy of contempt; and this overthrow of all ſalutary opinions is the infallible effects of the principles which we imbibe at the theatres.

In whatever ſenſe we conſider the theatre, whether in tragedy or comedy, we ſee continually that, becoming daily by means of amuſements and play, more and more ſenſible to love, to anger, and to all the other paſſions; we loſe all power of reſiſting them, when they ſeriouſly attack us; and that the theatre, animating and cheriſhing thoſe diſpoſitions in us which we ought to reſtrain, makes that obedient which ought to rule; and that far from making us better or more happy, it renders us ſtill leſs virtuous and leſs happy, and makes us pay at the expence of ourſelves, the care which they take to pleaſe and flatter us at the theatre.

The only principle or quality that is good for nothing, on the theatre, is reaſon. A man devoid of paſſions, or who keeps them all in ſubjection,

would intereſt nobody: and it has already been remarked, that a Stoick would be an inſupportable perſonage in a tragedy, and, in comedy, at beſt an object of ridicule.

Love is the empire of the women; it is they who, in this, neceſſarily give the law; becauſe, according to the order of nature, reſiſtance belongs to them, and becauſe men cannot overcome that reſiſtance but at the expence of their liberty. One of the effects, therefore, of the pieces, in which love bears the ſway, is, to extend the empire of the ſex, to make women and young girls the preceptors of the public, and to give them the ſame power over the audience that they have over their lovers. Can it be expected that this order of affairs ſhould be free from inconvenience, and that by increaſing ſo carefully the power of the women, a better government will take place among the men? The ſame circumſtance which gives the aſcendency to the women over the men, in our tragedies and comedies, gives it likewiſe to young over old people; and this too is a ſubverſion of the order of nature not leſs reprehenſible: for, as we are intereſted only for the lovers, it follows that old people can never perform any other than under parts; they are either employed to work up the plot of the intrigue, and made obſtacles to the happineſs of the young lovers; in which caſe they are deteſtable: or elſe they are made to fall in love themſelves, and

then

then they are ridiculous—*Turpe ſenex miles* *. In tragedies they are made tyrants and uſurpers; in comedy they are either repreſented as uſurers, jealous, or inſupportable fathers, that every body conſpire to cheat. Such is the honourable point of view in which old age is ſhewn at the theatre; ſuch is the reſpect which young people are taught to have for old age. We ſhould thank the illuſtrious author of *Zaire* and *Nanine* for having preſerved the venerable *Luſignan*, and the good old *Philip Humbert*, from this contempt. There are ſome other examples of the ſame kind, but do they ſuffice to ſtop the torrent of public prejudice, or to efface the contempt which authors in general affect to throw on age, wiſdom, experience, and authority? Who can doubt that the habit of always contemplating old people, under odious forms, at the theatre, may teach us to treat them ill in ſociety? and that, by habituating ourſelves, to confound thoſe we ſee in the world with the old dotards repreſented on the ſtage, we may at laſt deſpiſe them all equally?

* An old man, in the character of a Soldier, is an indecorous object.

# TRAGEDY.

THE most advantageous impression to be derived from the best of tragedies, is to reduce all the duties of human life to transient, barren, and useless affections: something like those polite people, who think they have done an act of charity when they have said to a beggar, *God help thee!*

Why does the heart melt more easily at imaginary than real evils? Why do the representations on the theatre sometimes draw more tears than the sight of objects represented? It is because the emotions they excite are unmixed with any anxiety for ourselves. By bestowing a few tears on these fictions, we have satisfied all the rights of humanity, without any farther expence of property: whereas real sufferers require our care, consolation, and actual relief; they would cause trouble which might make us partakers in their misfortunes, or which, at least, would be a tax upon our indolence, from which we are very happy to be exempted. It would seem that our hearts become hard, in order to avoid the trouble and expence of giving way to our tender feelings. We need not always, in order

to

to judge of the moral effects of a tragedy, have an eye to the cataſtrophe. The object is fulfilled, when we are more intereſted for the virtuous, though unfortunate, than for the ſucceſsful that are abandoned. As there is nobody that would not rather be Britannicus than Nero, I acknowledge that the piece may be reckoned good, although Britannicus periſhes. But, on the ſame principle, what opinion ſhall we form of a tragedy, in which the criminals, inſtead of being puniſhed, are repreſented under ſo favourable an aſpect that we are intereſted for them alone? In which CATO, the greateſt man that ever lived, plays the part of a pedant? In which CICERO, who, among all thoſe that bore the name of Father of their country, was the firſt that was honoured by it, and the only one who merited to be ſo, is repreſented to us as a vile rhetorician and a coward; while the infamous Cataline, covered with crimes that we ſhould be afraid even to mention, ready to murder all the magiſtrates, and to reduce his country to aſhes, plays the part of a great man, and commnds, by his talents, his fortitude, and his courage, all the eſteem of the ſpectators. We will allow him, if it be required, fortitude; but will this make him a leſs deteſtable villain? and was it neceſſary to turn the crimes of a raſcal into the exploits of a hero? To what then can the moral of ſuch a piece tend, unleſs it be to encourage other Catalines, and to beſtow on profli-

gate

gate men that poſſeſs abilities, that recompence of public eſteem, which is due only to the good and virtuous?

It will be ſaid, that tragedies inſpire us with pity, through fear. Be it ſo: but what is this pity? A tranſient and vain emotion which laſts no longer than the illuſion which produced it; a ſmall remain of a natural ſentiment, which is ſoon ſtifled by our paſſions; an empty pity which gratifies itſelf with a few tears, and was never yet known to give birth to the ſmalleſt act of humanity.

Thus the ſanguinary Sylla wept at the recital of thoſe evils which he had not himſelf committed. Thus the tyrant of Pharæ hid himſelf at the play, for fear he ſhould be ſeen to join with the groans of Andromache and Priam, while he heard, without emotion, the cries of all the unfortunate beings that were every day murdered by his commands.

COME-

# COMEDIES.

COMEDY ought to be a true reprefentation of the morals of the people, for whom it is intended, that they may have an opportunity of correcting their faults and their vices, as we wipe the fpots from our face before a glafs. Terence and Plautus, were miftaken in their object; but before them, Ariftophanes and Menander had expofed to the Athenians, the Athenian manners; and fince that period, Moliere has painted ftill more ingenuoufly, thofe of the French of the laft century. The picture has changed, but there has appeared no other painter. In the prefent times, they reprefent on the theatre, the manners and converfations of a certain number of houfes in Paris: this excepted, we do not gain any knowledge of the morals of the French nation. Moliere ventured to reprefent trades people and mechanics, as well as marquiffes: Socrates made coachmen, carpenters, fhoemakers, and mafons fpeak. But the authors of the prefent age, who are of another ftamp, would think themfelves difhonoured, if they were fuppofed to know what paffes at a merchant's counter, or in a workman's fhop; they muft only have illuftrious interlocutors, and they

feek

ſeek in the rank of their perſonages, that elevation, to which they cannot riſe by the powers of genius.

Fortunately, tragedy, in its preſent ſtate, is ſo far from us; it repreſents ſuch gigantick and puffed up beings, that the examples of their vices are no more contagious, than thoſe of their virtues are uſeful; and the leſs it pretends to inſtruct, the leſs harm it does us. But this is not the caſe with comedy, the morals of which, have a more immediate reſemblance to ours, and in which the dramatis perſonæ wear much more the reſemblance of men. Every thing in comedy is bad and pernicious, every thing has an effect on the ſpectators, and the pleaſure of wit and drollery, being founded on a vice inherent in the human heart, it follows from this principle, that the more perfect and agreeable comedy is, the more pernicious are its effects to morality.

It is acknowledged, and we ſhall every day be more and more convinced of it, that Moliere is the greateſt comic writer, whoſe works are known to us; but who can deny at the ſame time, that the plays of this ſame Moliere, whoſe talents I admire more than any body, are not a ſchool of vice and bād morals, even more dangerous than the books that openly profeſs to teach it. He is anxiouſly ſtudious to turn goodneſs and ſimplicity into ridicule, and to place artifice and lies on the ſide for which we feel ourſelves inte-

reſted.

refted. With this writer, people of character are only allowed to fpeak. The vicious and abandoned are his actors, and thefe meet, in general, with the greateft fuccefs. In fhort, honour and applaufe are feldom beftowed on the moft refpectable characters, but almoft always on the moft artful.

Examine the comic parts of his writings: you will find throughout the whole of them, that conftitutional vices are its inftruments, and the blemifhes of nature the fubject of it; that the malice of the one punifhes the fimplicity of the other, and that fools are the victims of bad and defigning people; and although all this be but too frequent in the world, it is wrong to reprefent it on the theatre, with an appearance of approbation, which has a manifeft tendency to encourage double and deceitful men to punifh, under the name of folly, the candour of the plain and honeft.

"*Dat veniam corvis, vexat cenfura columbas.*"
"Cenfure indulges ravens, but harafies the harmlefs dove."

This is the general fpirit of Moliere and his followers. They are geniufes who, at moft, fometimes expofe the ridicule of vice, without ever making virtue beloved. It was of fuch men that an antient faid, that they know very well how to

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ſnuff a lamp, but that they never ſupply it with oil.

Behold, how this man, to multiply his jokes, diſturbs all the order of ſociety, how ſcandalouſly he overthrows all the moſt ſacred relations, in which it is founded, how he turns into deriſion the reſpectable right of parents over their children, of huſbands over their wives, and of maſters over their ſervants! He makes us laugh, it is true; but by this, he becomes only more culpable, in forcing, by an invincible charm, even philoſophers to liſten to raillery, which ought to excite their indignation. It will be ſaid, that he attacks vice, but I wiſh any body would compare thoſe that he attacks with thoſe that he encourages. Which is the moſt blameable, a vain fool of a tradeſman who fooliſhly aſſumes the gentleman; or a gentleman-knave, who makes a dupe of him? In the piece of which I am ſpeaking, is not this latter repreſented as the honeſt man? Are we not moſt intereſted for him? And do not the public applaud all the tricks he plays to the other? Which is the moſt criminal, a ploughman, who is fool enough to marry a young lady, or a woman who ſeeks to diſhonor her huſband? What muſt we think of a piece where the pit applauds, the infidelity, the deceit, and the impudence of the one, and laughs at the folly of the booby that is puniſhed? It is a great vice to be avaricious, or to lend money

upon

upon ufury; but is it not a ftill greater for a fon to rob his father, to treat him with difrefpect, to pour on him a thoufand infulting reproaches; and when this father, fully provoked, loads him with curfes, to anfwer in a jocund manner, that he does not want any of his gifts? If the wit is excellent, is it lefs deferving of punifhment? Or, is the piece in which we are made to love the infolent fon who excites it, lefs a fchool of vice? The comedy of the Mifanthrope difcovers to us, better than any other, the real intent with which Moliere compofed his plays, and enables us the beft to judge of its real effects. Having the public to pleafe, he has confulted the moft general tafte of thofe that compofe it: upon this tafte, he has formed to himfelf a model, and from this model, a picture of the oppofite fault from which he has taken his comic characters, and of which he has diftributed the different features in his pieces. He has not, therefore, pretended to reprefent a good man, but a man of the world; confequently, he has not attempted to correct vices, but follies; and he has found in vice itfelf, a very proper inftrument of fuccefs. Aiming to expofe to public ridicule, all the faults which are directly oppofite to the qualities of an amiable man, or the man of the world, after having turned fo many other things into ridicule, there remained one, the ridicule of which the world are leaft dif-

pofed

posed to forgive, which is that of virtue: this is what he has neverthelefs done in his Mifanthrope.

You cannot deny two things: the one that Alceftes is reprefented in this piece as a juft, fincere, and eftimable, perfon; and in a word, a truly good man; the other, that the author allots him a ridiculous part. This appears to me fufficient to render Moliere inexcufable. It might be faid, that he has reprefented in Alceftes, inftead of virtue, a real vice abhorred by men. To this I anfwer, that his having thrown any fuch odium on his character, is falfe. We are not to be mifled by the name of Mifanthrope, into a notion, that the man who bore it was the enemy of mankind. Such an hatred as that name implies, would not be a fault, but a depravity of nature, and the greateft of all vices, fince all the focial virtues are clofely connected with benificence; nothing is fo directly contrary to them as inhumanity. The real Mifanthrope is a monfter. If he could exift, he would not excite laughter; but he would infpire us with horror. You may have feen at the Italian comedy, a piece entituled, "Life is a dream." If you recollect the hero of that piece, he is a true Mifanthrope.

What is the Mifanthrope of Moliere? A good man who detefts the morals of his time, and the wickednefs of his cotemporaries: Who for the very reafon that he loves his fellow creatures, detefts the evils they reciprocally do each other, and the

the vices which those evils produce. If he were less affected by the errors of humanity, less exasperated at the injustice he sees, would he be more humane himself? It would be as reasonable to maintain, that a father loved other people's children better than his own, because he is irritated at the faults of the former, and never takes any notice of the latter. These sentiments of the Misanthrope, are fully displayed in his part. I acknowledge that he says, he has conceived a terrible hatred against the human species; but upon what occasion does he say this? At the moment that he is exasperated, at having discovered that his friend had betrayed his confidence, deceived the man who asked it of him, and made the indignation that was naturally excited by such conduct, a subject of pleasantry and diversion. It is natural that this anger should degenerate into passion, and induce him to say more than he would think of in cool blood. Besides, the reason he assigns for this universal hatred, fully justifies the cause.

*Les uns parce qu'ils sont méchans; & les autres, pour être aux méchans complaisans* *.

He is, therefore not the enemy of men, but of the wickedness of some, and of the support which

* One party, because they are bad themselves: another because they pay a deference to such as are.

that wickednefs meets with from others. If there were no villains, nor flatterers, he would love all the world. There is no good man that is not a mifanthrope in this fenfe; or rather, real mifanthropes are men who do not think in this manner.

One proof that Alceftes is not a real Mifanthrope, is, that in the midft of his follies and rough way of proceeding, he pleafes and interefts. The fpectators, indeed, would not wifh to refemble him; becaufe fo much franknefs and truth would be very inconvenient; but not one of them would be forry to have any dealings with a perfon that was like him; which would not be the cafe if he were the profeffed enemy of mankind. In every other piece of Moliere's, the laughable characters are always deteftable or contemptible. In this, although Alceftes has fome real faults which we could not be blamed for laughing at, we neverthelefs feel at the bottom of our hearts a refpect for him, of which we cannot diveft ourfelves. On this occafion, the power of virtue carries it over the fkill of the author, and does honour to his character. Although Moliere compofed fome plays that were very reprehenfible, he was himfelf a good man; and never did the pencil of an upright mind know how to fhade with bad colours, the features of probity and juftice. Farther ftill, Moliere has put into the mouth of Alceftes, fo many of his own maxims, that many people have thought that he intended to

draw

draw himſelf. Nevertheleſs, this virtuous character is repreſented as ridiculous. It is ſo, to be ſure, in ſome reſpects; and what plainly ſhews that the author intended to make it ſo, is the character of his friend Phylintes, which he has placed in contraſt with his. This Phylintes, is the wiſe man of the piece; he is one of thoſe good men of the great world, whoſe maxims are very like thoſe of rogues; one of thoſe moderate people who always find that every thing goes right for them; who are always pleaſed with every body, becauſe they care for nobody; who, when ſeated at a plentiful table, maintain that it is not true that ſome people are hungry; who with their own pockets well furniſhed, think it very wrong for people to ſpeak in favour of the poor; who would ſee all mankind robbed, ſtripped, and murdered, without pitying them, if their own houſe was well ſecured; becauſe God has endowed them with a very meritorious ſoftneſs and moderation of diſpoſition, to ſupport the misfortunes of others.

It is eaſy to obſerve, that the phlegmatic reaſoning of this latter character, is capable of exciting and increaſing the violence of the other: and the fault of Moliere is not having made the Miſanthrope a choleric and paſſionate man, but the having made him put himſelf in childiſh paſſions for things which ought not to have affected him. The character of the Miſanthrope, is determined by

nature

nature from his ruling paſſion, and cannot be altered by the poet.—This paſſion is a violent hatred to vice, originating from an ardent love of virtue, and exaſperated at the continual examples of the baſeneſs of men. It is, therefore, only great and noble ſouls that are ſuſceptible of it. The horror and the contempt which nouriſhes this ſame paſſion againſt all the vices which have irritated it, ſerve, likewiſe, to keep the heart which it agitates free from them.

It is not that man is not always man; nor that paſſion does not often make him weak, unjuſt, and unreaſonable; nor that he perhaps pries into the ſecret motives of the actions of others, with a ſecret pleaſure to diſcover the corruption of their hearts; that a trifling evil does not ſometimes put him in a great paſſion, or that by irritating him on purpoſe, a ſubtle and ſkilful knave might ſucceed in making him appear wicked himſelf: but it is not leſs true, that there muſt be ſome ſkill employed to produce theſe effects, and that the means uſed, muſt be ſuited to his character to put it in action: without which, it is ſubſtituting another man for the Miſanthrope, and painting him with features that are not his own.

It is, therefore, on this ſide that the character of the Miſanthrope, ought to be faulty, and Moliere makes an admirable uſe of this in all the ſcenes between Alceſtes and his friend; for the cold

maxims

maxims and jokes of the one unhinging the other every moment, make him utter a thoufand well-timed impertinencies: but this auftere and harfh difpofition, which gives him fo much rancour and ill nature when he has occafion for it, keeps him at the fame time free from all childifh diftrefs, which has no reafonable foundation; and from all immoderate, perfonal intereft, of which he ought to be no way fufceptible. Let him be violent againft thofe diforders of which he is only a witnefs, it is always a new feature in the picture: but let him be cool with regard to thofe that concern him perfonally; for, having declared war againft unprincipled people, he muft expect that they will commence hoftilities with him. If he had not forefeen the mifchief of which his franknefs would be productive, it would be thoughtleffnefs inftead of a virtue. If a falfe woman betrays him, if unworthy friends difhonour him, or weak ones forfake him: he fhould fuffer it all without a murmur; he knows mankind. If thefe diftinctions be juft, Moliere has mifreprefented the Mifanthrope. But does any body imagine that this is the effect of error? No, undoubtedly: but a defire to make people laugh at his expence, has obliged him to degrade him, in violation of the truth of character.

After the adventure of the fonnet, how was it poffible that Alceftes fhould not expect the bad behaviour of Orontes? Can he be aftonifhed at it,

 when

when he is informed of it, as if he had been then secure for the firft time in his life; or that this had been the firft inftance of his fincerity's making him an enemy? ought he not to prepare his mind with coolnefs, for the lofs of his lawfuit, rather than previoufly exprefs his difappointment, by a childifh pet.

* "*Ce font vingt mille francs qu'il m'en pourra coûter,*
"*Mais pour vingt mille francs j'aurai droit de pefter.*"

A Mifanthrophift has no bufinefs to buy at fo dear a price the right to blufter, he needs only open his eyes; and he does not fufficiently value money to imagine, that he had acquired on this head, any new right by the lofs of a lawfuit. But the pit muft be made to laugh.

In the fcene with Dubois, the more Alceftes has reafon to be out of patience, the more he fhould appear cool and phlegmatic, becaufe the blunders of the valet are not a vice. The Mifanthrophift and the paffionate man, are two very different characters; and here was the place to diftinguifh them.—Moliere knows this—but the pit muft be made to laugh.

At the rifk of making the reader laugh alfo, at my expence, I beg leave to accufe the author of

* "Twenty thoufand crowns it may coft me,
"But for twenty thoufand crowns I may blufter."

having

having been confiderably wanting to congruity, to truth, and perhaps to new beauties of fituation.

It was his bufinefs to make fuch an arrangement in his plan, as to introduce Phylintes, as a neceffary actor in the plot, fo that the actions of Phylintes and Alceftes might form an apparent contraft with their principles, and a perfect conformity with their characters. What I mean to fay, is, that the Mifanthrophift fhould conftantly exclaim againft public diforder, and always be filent with regard to perfonal malice, to which he had been a victim. On the other hand, the philofopher Phylintes fhould fee all the diforders of fociety, with the cool indifference of ftoicifm; and fall into rage at the leaft degree of evil that threatened himfelf. It appears to me, that by drawing the characters agreeable to this idea, each muft have been more juft, more fuitable to the rules of the drama, and that that of Alceftes muft have had a more forcible effect. But then thep it could only laugh at the expence of of a man of the world; and the intention of the author was to raife a laugh at the expence of the Mifanthrophift.

It is with this intention that he reprefents him with fits of humour, of a different caft from the reality of his general character, for inftance, *this* is the fcene of the fonnet.

* " *La peste de ta chûte, empoisonneur du diable !*
" *En eusses tu fait une a te casser le nez !*"

This is a point in the language of the Misanthrophist, so much the more out of season, that but a little before he had criticised a more pardonable one in the sonnet of Orontes: and it is very extraordinary, that the author of it proposes a moment after, the song of King Henry, for a model of taste. It will not avail to say, that this word was dropped in a fit of passion, for there is nothing that is farther from the nature of passion, than points of wit. And Alcestes, whose whole life is spent in scolding, should have assumed even in the act of scolding a turn, suitable to the general bent of his mind.

† " *Morbleu! vil complaisant! vous louez des sottise.*"

Thus, should the Misanthrophist speak in passion. Wit can never please after this. But it was necessary to make the pit laugh, and thus virtue is degraded.

It is some how extraordinary in this comedy, that the foreign digressions with which the author has charged the part of the Misanthrophist, have forced him to soften what belonged essentially to

* " Plague on thy fall! thou poisoner of the devil!
" I wish it had been such as to break your nose!
† " Death! vile sycophant, you praise absurdity.

the

the character. The ſcene I have juſt mentioned, is an inſtance of it. Here we find Alceſtes ſhuffling and equivocating in giving his advice to Orontes. This is not the Miſanthrophiſt: it is an honeſt man of the world who is hurt by deceiving the perſon who conſults him. The conſiſtency of the character required, that he ſhould immediately tell him, "Your ſonnet is good for nothing, throw it in the fire." But this would have deſtroyed the comical effect, which ariſes from the embarraſſment of the Miſanthrophiſt, and from the repetition of his *Je ne dis pas cela* *, which in reality is not true. Had Phylintes, following his example, ſaid to him, "Well! what "ſay you, traitor?" what would he have anſwered? Indeed, it is not worth while to ſupport the character of the Miſanthrophiſt by halves; for, if we wink at the firſt inſtance of management and chicane, at the firſt deviation from truth, where can we reaſonably expect to ſtop, before we become as deceitful as courtiers! The friend of Alceſtes muſt know him. How can he wiſh him to viſit the judges, or, in plain terms, to attempt to corrupt them? how can he ſuppoſe that a man who is capable of ſacrificing appearances, to the love of virtue, can ſacrifice his duty to intereſt? To tempt a judge! it is not neceſſary to be a Miſanthrophiſt,

* I do not ſay that.

it is sufficient to be honest to be incapable of such a thing. In every thing that rendered the Misanthrophist so ridiculous, he did but the duty of a good man, and it was a breach in the propriety of his character, on the part of his friend, to suppose, that he could be wanting to his duty.

If this intelligent author sometimes suffers the character to display itself, in all its force, it is only when it is productive of a superior degree of theatrical pleasure, a more lively comical effect of contract or striking situation. Such, for instance, is the dark and silent humour of Alcestes, and afterwards the bold reproof forcibly apostrophised, in a conversation at the coquets.

*Allons, ferme, poussez, mes bons amis de cour* *. Here the author has clearly made a distinction between the slanderer and the Misanthrophist. The latter, in the asperity of venomous rage, abhors calumny, and detests satire. He exclaims only against public disorder, and against public delinquents. Mean and secret slander is unworthy of him. He despises and hates it in others; and if he speaks ill of any one, he does it first before his face. This is a very good reason why no other scene in the play has a better effect than this, because here he is himself; and if he makes the pit laugh, honest men are not ashamed to laugh with it.

* Onward, firmly, my good friends of the Court.

But,

But, generally ſpeaking, it muſt be confeſſed, that had the Miſanthrophiſt been more the Miſanthrophiſt, the character muſt have been infinitely leſs pleaſing, becauſe his candor and firmneſs, wholly incompatible with ſhuffling, could never permit him to appear embarraſſed: it is not, therefore, to ſpare him, that the author ſoftens the character occaſionally; it is, on the contrary, to make him appear more ridiculous.

Our author is led into this conduct by another reaſon: the ſtage Miſanthrophiſt having to ſpeak of what he ſees, muſt live in the world, and, of courſe, muſt moderate the uprightneſs of his manners, by paying ſome regard to that ſpecious falſity, which is an ingredient in politeneſs, and which the world requires from every man who wiſhes to live in it, in ſuch a manner as to be ſupportable. Were he to appear otherwiſe, his diſcourſe could have no other effect. It is the intereſt of the author to render him ridiculous, but not to repreſent him as a fool: and this he would appear in the eyes of the public, were he on all occaſions to ſupport the character of a philoſophic ſage.

It is with reluctance, when we have once entered into this admirable comedy, that we lay it aſide. The more we read it, the more we perceive its beauty; and finally, ſince this, of all the comedies of Moliere, is that which contains the

beſt and pureſt moral; from this let us judge of the others, and confeſs, that the intention of the author being to pleaſe vitiated minds, either his moral leads to evil, or the ſpecious, but falſe, good which it ſets forth, is more dangerous than real evil; becauſe it deceives under the appearance of right reaſon, becauſe it ſets the uſages and cuſtoms of the world above the ſtricteſt probity, and becauſe it places propriety of conduct in a certain middle between vice and virtue; and becauſe, to the great conſolation of the ſpectators, he perſuades them, that to be an honeſt man, it is enough not to be an avowed profligate,

# PLAYERS.

WHAT is the talent of the Player? The art of counterfeiting, or of aſſuming a different character from his own; of appearing a different perſon from what he is; of being in a paſſion in cool blood; of ſaying things contrary to what he believes to be true, as naturally as if he really believed them; and in ſhort, of forgetting his own ſituation, by continually putting himſelf in that of others.

What is the profeſſion of the Player?—A trade, in which he ſhews himſelf for money; ſubmits to the diſgrace of affronts, the right of giving which the people purchaſe with their money; and puts his perſon up to public ſale. I put it to the breaſt of every honeſt man, whether he feels not ſomewhat at the bottom of his ſoul, which tells him, that in this traffic of one's ſelf, there is ſomething ſervile and deſpicable? For you, who are of another character, ye philoſophers, who pretend that ye are ſo far above prejudices, would ye not die with ſhame if, baſely diſguiſed like kings, ye were obliged to go and play in the eyes of the public, another part than your own, and expoſe your Majeſties to the hiſſes of the populace?

What then are the qualities which the Player acquires by his employment? A mixture of baſeneſs, diſſimulation, ridiculous pride, and a littleneſs, which fits him to repreſent every kind of perſonage, except the nobleſt of all, that of man, which he forſakes.

I know, that the acting of a Player is not that of a cheat, who endeavours to impoſe; I know, that he does not pretend that we ſhould take him in reality for the perſons he repreſents, nor that we ſhould believe him to be affected with the paſſions he counterfeits, and that by giving this imitation for what it is, he makes it perfectly innocent.—Neither do I accuſe him of being altogether a cheat; but of cultivating no trade, but of deceiving men, and of exerciſing himſelf in cuſtoms that can only be innocent on the ſtage, and are of no uſe any where elſe, but to make him act wrong. Thoſe men that are ſo well dreſt, ſo well verſed in the arts of gallantry, and the accents of paſſion, will they never make uſe of this art to ſeduce young people? Will not thoſe pickpocket valets, who are ſo dextrous with their hands on the theatre, in ſome exigency, occaſioned by following a more expenſive than lucrative trade, find their advantage in abſence of mind? Will they never ſeize the purſe of a prodigal ſon, or an avaricious father, inſtead of that belonging to Leander or Argan? The temptation of doing

doing wrong always increases with the facility; and Players must be more virtuous than other men, if they are not more corrupt.

A Player on the stage, displaying sentiments different from his own, repeating only what he is bid; often representing only an ideal character, annihilates himself, in one sense, with his hero; and in this forgetfulness of the man, if there remain the least of himself, it only becomes the sport of the spectators. What shall I say of those people who seem to think they possess too much worth, and who degrade themselves so much, as to represent characters which they would be very sorry to resemble? It is a great misfortune, undoubtedly, to see so many villains in the world play the parts of good men; but is there any thing more odious, more shocking, more shameful, than a good man, in a play, acting the part of a villain, and employing all his talents to make those criminal maxims esteemed, at which he himself shudders?

If, in all these circumstances we see nothing in the profession of an Actor, more than that it is not very creditable, we should likewise view it as a source of bad morals, in the dissoluteness of the Actresses, which involves that of the Actors. But why is this dissipation inevitable? Ah, why? In any period but this, we should have no need to ask: but in an age, where prejudices and error reign, with such irresistible sway, under the name of philosophy, men,

ftupified by their vain knowledge, have fhut their underftanding againft the voice of reafon, and their hearts againft that of nature.

How can fuch a profeffion as that of an Actrefs, whofe whole bufinefs is to fhew themfelves to the public, and what is ftill worfe, to fhew themfelves for money, be proper for virtuous women, or compatible with modefty and good morals? Is there any occafion even to enter into a difpute concerning the moral diftinctions of the fexes, to feel how difficult it muft be for her who fhews herfelf for money, in a fictitious character, not very foon to become venal in her own perfon, and never fuffer herfelf to be tempted to fatisfy thofe defires which fhe takes fo much pains to excite; when, notwithftanding a thoufand timid precautions, a virtuous and difcreet woman, expofed to little danger, finds it very difficult to preferve her heart, when temptations arife? Can thofe young, audacious people, without any other education than a fyftem of coquetry, and for ever playing amorous parts, in a very immodeft drefs, continually furrounded with ardent and rafh young men, in the midft of the foft voice of love and pleafure; will they, at their age, refift the feelings of their hearts; the objects which furround them, the converfations that are held to them, opportunities that are for ever occurring, and the gold to which they are beforehand half fold? We muft poffefs the fimplicity of children, to be deceived in this matter.

A Comedian, who poſſeſſes modeſty, morality, and virtue, is doubly eſtimable; ſince it is a proof, that in him the love of virtue ſubdues his paſſions, and the influence of his profeſſion. The only fault which can be imputed to him, is the having embraced it; but a wrong ſtep in youth often decides the fate of the remainder of life; and, when we feel ourſelves poſſeſſed of great talents, who can reſiſt their attraction? Great Actors make their own apology: it is the bad ones that we ſhould deſpiſe.

MUSIC.

# MUSIC.

MUSIC can only be compoſed of the three following things: melody or ſinging, harmony or accompanyment, motion or meaſure.

Harmony is only a diſtant acceſſory in imitative muſic. In harmony, properly ſpeaking, there is not any principle of imitation; it neceſſarily implies, it is true, intonations; it bears teſtimony of their juſtneſs, and renders the modulations more ſenſible; it gives additional energy to the expreſſion, and new graces to muſic. but it is from melody alone that the invincible power of paſſionated accents proceeds; it is from harmony that all the influence it has on the ſoul is derived: if we form the moſt ſkilful ſucceſſion of concordant ſounds, without any mixture of melody, we ſhall be tired in a quarter of an hour's time.

When the ſimpleſt ſongs are animated by the expreſſions of ſentiment and feeling, they become intereſting. On the contrary, a melody which does not ſpeak, never ſings well; and harmony alone never could ſpeak to the heart.

The princip'es of harmony, being in nature, it is the ſame to all nations; or, if it has any diffe-

rence,

rence, it is introduced by melody: therefore it is from melody alone that we muſt draw the particular character of national muſic; and this the rather, that as character is principally formed by the language, it is vocal muſic that ought to give it its greateſt influence.

We may conceive, that there are ſome languages better adapted to muſic than others: we may conceive ſome that are not adapted to it at all.

Such would be one, which ſhould be compoſed only of mixt ſounds, dumb, hollow, or naſal ſyllables, with few ſonorous vowels, a great many conſonants, and much articulation: what would reſult from muſic, applied to ſuch a tongue? Firſt, want of effect in the ſound of the vowels, would render it neceſſary to make the notes a great deal louder, and from the language being low, the muſic would be too ſhrill. In the ſecond place, the harſhneſs and the frequency of the conſonants, would make it abſolutely neceſſary, in order to exclude a great many words, to proceed in the others only by elementary intonations, and the muſic would be inſipid, and have too much ſameneſs; its movement would be ſlow and tireſome; and if we ſometimes attempted to quicken and enliven it, its quickneſs would reſemble that of an uneven and hard body rolling over the ſtones.

Time or meaſure, the third eſſential part of muſic, is almoſt the ſame thing to melody, as ſyſtem

is to difcourfe; it is what connects the words together, diftinguifhes the phrafes, and gives a fenfe and connection to the whole. All mufic, in which we do not feel the time, refembles, if the fault proceed from the perfon who plays, writing in figures, of which we muft neceffarily be mafters of the art, before we can unravel the meaning; but if, in reality, this mufic has meafure, it is then only a collection of confufed words, chofen at random, and written without connection, in which the reader can difcover no fenfe, becaufe the author did not annex any. Meafure depends alfo on the language, and particularly on that attribute of the language called profody. This is evident; for the meafure muft follow the combinations of the fhort and long fyllables that are found in every language. Or, let us fuppofe a nation, whofe language poffeffes only a defective profody, that is to fay, a profody without any ftriking and diftinct character, without exactnefs and precifion, that the long and fhort accents are not connected together by duration and number, and fuch relations as are fimple and fitted to produce an exact and regular fucceffion of founds; that fome of its long fyllables are unequal in point of length; fome of its fhort ones unequal in point of fhortnefs, while others are neither long nor fhort, and that their mutual differences are both indefinite and incommenfurable: it is evident, that fuch a national mufic, being tinctured in its meafure by the

irregularities

of its prosody, would have only a vague, unequal, and feeble effect; that this irregularity would appear chiefly in the recitative; that it would be difficult to produce a concordance between the musical notes and the syllables of the words; that it would be necessary to change the words every moment, and that it would be impossible to give the verses just rhyme and cadence; and that, even in such airs as possessed due measure, all the movements would be unnatural and without precision.

Man is endowed with three sorts of voices: a speaking or articulating voice; a singing or melodious voice; and a voice pathetic or accented, which is employed in the language of passion, and gives animation to song as well as to common discourse. Perfect music is that in which all these three different kinds of voice are the most completely and happily blended.

## Balls, Dancing.

I HAVE never been able to difcover, why people are fo much fet againft dancing, and the affemblies it occafions; as if there were more harm in dancing than finging, that each of thefe amufements were not equally an infpiration of nature, and that it were a crime to enliven and divert ourfelves together by an innocent and decent recreation. For my part, I think, on the contrary, that every time there is a great number of both fexes affembled together, all public amufements are innocent, becaufe they are public, inftead of which, the moft laudable occupation is fufpicious in a tête-a-tête. Men and women are deftined for one another: the intention of nature is, that they fhould be united by marriage. All falfe religions combat nature; our's alone, which follows and rectifies it, announces a divine inftitution, fuitable to man. We ought not, on the fubject of marriage, to the reftraints neceffarily occafioned by the order of civil fociety, to add difficulties unknown to the gofpel, and contrary to the fpirit of Chriftianity.

But, tell me, where will young people, who are marriageable, have opportunities of taking a liking to each other, or of feeing one another with more decency

decency and circumſpection, than in an aſſembly, where the eyes of the public, inceſſantly turned upon them, oblige them to be particularly obſervant of their conduct? Can God be offended by an agreeable and ſalutary exerciſe, ſuitable to the vivacity of youth, which conſiſts in preſenting themſelves to one another with grace and modeſty, and on which the company impoſe a gravity, from which nobody would dare to depart? Can we imagine a ſurer method of not deceiving any body, at leaſt in point of perſon, or of ſhewing ourſelves with all our perfections and imperfections, to thoſe people who have an intereſt in knowing us well, before they oblige themſelves to love us? Does not the duty of mutually cheriſhing each other, imply a neceſſity of pleaſing; and is it not worthy the care of two virtuous and chriſtian people, who think of being united, thus to prepare their hearts to receive mutual love, which God impoſes as a duty on them? What happens in thoſe places, where there reigns a continual conſtraint; where the moſt innocent gaiety is puniſhed as a crime; where young people of both ſexes never dare to aſſemble in public, where the indiſcreet ſeverity of the paſtor knows not how to preach any thing but a ſervile reſtraint, ſadneſs, and melancholy? An inſupportable tyranny, which both nature and reaſon diſavow, is eluded. When lively and playful youth is debarred from pleaſures that are innocent, they ſubſtitute in their place ſome

that

are more dangerous ; têtes-a-têtes, artfully contrived, take the place of public meetings. By continually concealing ourſelves, as if we were culpable, we are at length tempted to become ſo. Innocent mirth loves to ſpend itſelf in broad day : but vice is the friend of darkneſs ; innocence and myſtery never exiſted long together.

# DRAWING.

TO make a perfect Drawing, the artist ought not to see it such as it will be on his paper, but such as it is in nature. It is not the pencil that marks the difference between a fair and a brown woman, but the imagination which guides it. The graving tool would make a very imperfect exhibition of the light and shade, if the engraver did not keep a steady eye also on the colours. In the same manner, in order to represent figures in motion, we must observe what precedes and what follows, and allow a certain latitude to the time of action; without which, we can never hit, with any tolerable exactness, that precise and important moment which it is our object to describe. The skill of the artist consists in bringing to our imaginations a great many objects that are not represented in his picture; and this depends on a happy choice of circumstances, arranged in such a manner, that those which he represents bring to our mind those that he leaves out.

## Converſation, Politeneſs, the Art of ſuperintending a Family.

THE continual prattles which ſome people keep up, certainly either proceeds from a pretenſion to wit, or from their ſetting a great value on trifles, and ſuppoſing at the ſame time that every body elſe does the ſame. He who poſſeſſes a ſufficient ſhare of knowledge, to ſet a proper value on every thing, never ſpeaks too much; becauſe he knows likewiſe how to prize the attention which is granted him, and the intereſt which people may take in his diſcourſe. In general, people who know very little, talk a great deal; and thoſe who know a great deal, talk very little. It is quite natural for an ignorant perſon to ſuppoſe the little he knows of great conſequence, and be fond of diſplaying it to all the world. But a man of real knowledge is not fond of diſplaying his underſtanding: he would find too much to ſay; and he perceives that there are other people to ſpeak after him; he is therefore ſilent.

The talent of ſpeaking holds the firſt rank in the art of pleaſing; it is that alone which can add new attrac-

attractions to thoſe charms which have loſt their power over our ſenſes by habit. The underſtanding not only enlivens the body, but in a manner gives it a new form: it is by the ſucceſſion of ſentiments and ideas, that it animates and varies the expreſſions of the countenance; and it is the diſcourſe that it inſpires, which fixes the attention, and preſerves for a long time the ſame regard towards the ſame object.

The ſtyle of elegant converſa ion, is eaſy and flowing; it is neither heavy nor frivolous: it is learned without pedantry, gay without noiſe, polite without affectation, gallant without being inſipid, witty and lively without being equivocal; it is neither made up of diſſertations nor epigrams; they reaſon without arguing; they joke without playing upon words; and judiciouſly combine wit and reaſon, good maxims and bright ſallies, ingenious raillery and ſound morality. They talk on every ſubject, that every body may have an opportunity of ſpeaking: they do not examine every ſubject with nicety, for fear of being tireſome; they propoſe topics of converſation juſt as they occur; they diſcuſs them with rapidity, and conciſeneſs leads to elegance: every one gives his opinion, and ſupports it in a few words; nobody attacks with heat that of another, nobody obſtinately defends his own: they diſpute, in order to be inſtructed; they ſtop with the diſpute; every one is edified; every

one

one is amufed, and every one goes away pleafed. Even the philofopher may gather from thofe difcourfes, fubjects worthy of meditation in private.

True politenefs confifts in fhewing benevolence to men. The amiable feelings of humanity, the fimple and affecting effufions of an open heart, have a very different language from that of the falfe demonftrations of politenefs, and of the deceitful appearances which commerce with the world renders neceffary. It is much to be feared, that he who treats you at firft fight like a friend of twenty years, may treat you at the end of twenty years like a ftranger, if you fhould have occafion to afk him any important fervice. When we fee diffipated men take fo tender a liking to fo many people, we readily prefume that they have no liking for any body.

The politenefs of men is in general officious; that of women more careffing. I vifit fome families, where the mafter and miftrefs jointly do the honors of the houfe, Both have had the fame education; both poffefs an equal fhare of politenefs; both are endowed with the fame fenfe and tafte; both are animated with the fame defire of receiving their guefts properly; both are infpired with the wifh of giving their friends an agreeable reception. The hufband is affiduous and attentive to every body: he goes about, and pays his refpects to all; he gives himfelf a great deal of trouble; he endeavours to be all attention. The woman keeps her feat; a little

circle

circle aſſemble and ſurround her, and ſeem to hide from her the reſt of the company: notwithſtanding this, there is nothing that eſcapes her attention; nobody goes out without her having ſpoken to them: ſhe has omitted nothing that could pleaſe every body; ſhe has ſaid nothing to any body but what was agreeable; and, without treſpaſſing on the rules of decorum and good order, the laſt in the company is not more forgot than the firſt. The repaſt is ſerved; the company ſit down to table; the maſter, who knows his gueſts, will place them according to their rank: the miſtreſs, without knowing their quality, will make no miſtake: ſhe will have already read in their countenance and manner, what is ſuitable to each; and every body will find himſelf placed as he wiſhed.

I do not ſay that nobody is overlooked during the repaſt. The maſter of the houſe, in helping round, may not have forgot any body; but the miſtreſs diſcovers what you look at with pleaſure, and offers it you: even while talking to her neighbour, ſhe is looking to the bottom of the table; ſhe diſcerns thoſe who do not eat because they are not hungry, and thoſe who neither dare to help themſelves, or aſk others to help them, becauſe they are awkward or timid. When they riſe from table, every body thinks that ſhe has been wholly taken up with him; none of the company imagine ſhe has had time to eat a bit herſelf: but the truth is, that ſhe has eat

heartier than any body elſe. When all the company are withdrawn, and they diſcourſe on what paſſed, the huſband repeats all that has been ſaid to him, and what every body has done or ſaid with whom he has converſed. If the wife is not always the moſt exact on this point, in return, ſhe has obſerved what has been whiſpered at the other end of the room; ſhe knows what ſuch a one has thought; what was the purport of every converſation or geſture: no expreſſive emotion has paſſed unnoticed; and ſhe can interpret them all, and always with ſtrict conformity to truth.

GAMING.

# GAMING.

GAMING is not a proper amufement for a rich man; it is the refource of thofe that have no employment.

As there is not any natural motive that can give an intereft to gaming, in the eyes of rich people, it can never be converted into a paffion, but in an ill-conftituted mind.

A rich man is much lefs fenfible of what he wins at play, than what he lofes; and, as from the forms of moderate play, we have not a chance of being either great gainers or great lofers, we cannot, if we reafon right, grow fond of an amufement, where every kind of hazard is fo much againft us.

Thofe who encourage the vain fuppofition, that fortune favours them, fhould feek for that favour in fomething more worthy of it; and this partiality is as much feen in moderate play as in the higheft.

A tafte for gaming, the fruits of avarice and indolence, only takes hold of hearts and minds that are vacant.

We feldom find that deep thinkers take pleafure in play, which either checks that propenfity, or

turns it to dry combinations : accordingly, one, and perhaps the only advantage, ariſing from a taſte for the ſciences, is, that it deadens in ſome degree, this ſordid paſſion. A man of ſcience would rather be employed in proving the utility, than in taking a ſhare in play.

# MASTERS, SERVANTS.

EVERY well-conducted houſe is the image of the ſoul of its maſter. Gilt ceilings, luxury, and magnificence, diſcover only the vanity of thoſe who diſplay them; inſtead of which, in every place where you ſee order reign without dulneſs, peace without profuſion, pronounce with confidence, It is a happy being who commands here.

A father, whoſe whole happineſs is centred in the boſom of his family, enjoys, as a reward for his conſtant care and ſolicitude, the continual enjoyment of the moſt agreeable ſentiments in nature. He alone, of all mortals, is happy: he is maſter of his own felicity, becauſe he is happy as God himſelf, without wiſhing for any thing more than what he enjoys: like that immenſe being, he does not think of enlarging his poſſeſſions, but of making them really his by the moſt perfect relations.

If he does not enrich himſelf with new purchaſes, he enriches himſelf by enjoying what he poſſeſſes. He once only enjoyed the rents of his grounds; he now enjoys the fields themſelves, by preſiding at their culture, and continually going

over them. His servant was a stranger to him: he makes him his blessing, his child, his property. He had no right but over actions, he acquires a right over wills. He was master only by the force of money; he becomes master by the sacred rights of esteem, and beneficence.

It is a great error in domestic œconomy, as well as in civil life, to attempt to combat one vice by another, or to form between them a sort of equilibrium, as if those things which undermine the foundation of order could ever serve to establish it; this bad policy only serves to unite all kinds of inconveniencies. Vices that are tolerated in a house, do not reign alone; if one is suffered to spring up, a thousand will soon follow it.

In a house where the master is sincerely beloved and respected, all the servants looking upon themselves as sufferers in those losses, which would partly deprive him of the power of rewarding a faithful servant, are equally incapable of concealing, and of doing him an injury. It is a sublime system of conduct which has the art of thus transforming the vile trade of an accuser, into a junction of zeal, integrity, courage, as noble, or, at least, as praiseworthy, as it was with the Romans.

The precept of concealing the faults of our neighbours, includes only those faults that do no injury to any body; of an injustice which we see and conceal, and which is prejudicial to a third person,

ſon, we are as guilty as if we committed it ourſelves: and as it is only the conſciouſneſs of our own faults which obliges us to forgive thoſe of others, no man is inclined to tolerate a rogue, unleſs he be a rogue himſelf. Theſe principles which in general hold good between man and man, are ſtill more obligatory on thoſe who are connected by the cloſe relation of ſervant and maſter.

What muſt we think of thoſe maſters who are indifferent to every thing but their intereſt? Who only deſire to be well ſerved, without troubling themſelves any farther about the conduct of their ſervants? Thoſe who want only to be well ſerved, will not be ſo long. Too intimate connections between the two ſexes never produce any thing but evil. It is from the meetings that are held in the apartments of the chamber-maids that the chief irregularities in a family proceed. There is not among men, nor among women, a ſufficient degree of harmony to be of any dangerous conſequence; but it is always between men and women that thoſe ſecret monopolies are eſtabliſhed, which, in the long run, inevitably ruin the moſt opulent families.

The inſolence of ſervants is a ſymptom rather of a vicious than a weak maſter: for nothing makes them ſo audacious as the knowledge of his vices; and every vice which they diſcover in him appears in their eyes to excuſe them from obeying a man whom they can no longer reſpect. Servants imi-

tate their maſters, and by imitating them in a coarſe manner, they render thoſe faults apparent in their conduct, which the varniſh of education conceals better in their ſuperiors.

When a man that does not mind being hated and deſpiſed by his ſervants fancies himſelf, nevertheleſs, well ſerved, it is becauſe he is ſatisfied with an apparent regularity and faithfulneſs, without taking cognizance of the numberleſs evils they are inceſſantly doing him in ſecret, and of which he never perceives the origin. But where is the man ſufficiently diveſted of honour to be able to ſupport the diſdain of all who ſurround him? Where is the woman ſo loſt to every ſenſe of ſhame, as to be inſenſible to inſult and contumely? How many ladies, both in Paris and in London, who ſuppoſe themſelves very much reſpected, would melt in tears if they heard what is ſaid of them in their anti chamber? Happily for their peace, they quiet themſelves with the idea that theſe Arguſes are fools, and flatter themſelves that they perceive nothing of what they do not take the trouble to conceal from them. Neither do the latter, on their part, endeavour to hide, as is evident, from their ſtubborn obedience, the contempt they entertain for the former. Maſters and ſervants thus mutually feel, that it is not worth while to make themſelves eſteemed by one another.

The

The example of a maſter has, in every thing, a greater influence than his authority; and it is not natural that the ſervants ſhould want to be better men than their Lords.

If we examine narrowly the government of great houſes, we ſhall clearly perceive, that it is impoſſible for a maſter, who has twenty ſervants, ever to be able to diſcover whether one of them be an honeſt man, and not to miſtake for ſuch the very greateſt rogue of them all. This alone is ſufficient to wean us from all deſire to be numbered among the rich. One of the greateſt pleaſures in life, the pleaſure of mutual confidence and eſteem, is loſt to theſe unfortunate beings: dearly do they purchaſe all their gold.

# COUNTRY.

THE labours of the country are an agreeable ſubject of contemplation, and unattended with any of thoſe painful circumſtances which move compaſſion. As the object of public utility, it is, in its nature, intereſting: beſides, it is the firſt vocation of man; it recalls to the mind agreeable ideas, and to the heart all the charms of the golden age. The imagination cannot remain indifferent at the view of the cultivation of lands, and bringing in of harveſts. The ſimplicity of a rural and paſtoral life has always ſomething in it that affects us. If we look at people who are ſinging and making hay, while flocks of ſheep are ſcattered at a diſtance, we inſenſibly feel ourſelves moved, without knowing why. Thus the voice of nature has yet ſometimes the power of ſoftening our hard and unſociable hearts; and although we hear it with an uſeleſs regret, it is ſo gentle and amiable that we never hear it without pleaſure.

The inhabitants of towns know not how to love the country: they know not how to live in it;

when they are there, they know not what is going forward: they deſpiſe its labours; they are unacquainted with its pleaſures; they are even when at home, as in a ſtrange country; need we be ſurpriſed then if they diſlike it? We muſt live entirely in the country, or not go there at all; for what do we go to do? The inhabitants of Paris, who think they go into the country, are miſtaken; they carry Paris with them. Singers, wits, authors, and paraſites, compoſe the train which follow them. There, gambling, muſic, and plays, are their only occupations; if they ſometimes add hunting, they go in ſo commodious a manner, that they have not half the fatigue, nor the pleaſure of it. Their table is covered in the ſame manner as in Paris; they eat at the ſame hours; they are ſerved with the ſame diſhes, and with the ſame ceremony; they do juſt the ſame things; they might as well have ſtaid there; for however rich they may be, and whatever care they may have taken, they always feel ſome privations; and they cannot carry all Paris with them. They therefore flee from that variety that is ſo dear to them: they never know but one manner of living, and always grow weary of it.

The ſimplicity of a paſtoral and country life has always ſomething in it that is affecting. We cannot diſengage ourſelves from the ſoft illuſion of the objects which preſent themſelves; we forget the

present age and our cotemporaries; and we transport ourselves to the times of the Patriarchs: to the times of love and innocence! When men were simple, and lived happy. Oh, Rachel! charming girl, beloved with so much constancy! Happy was he who, to obtain thee, did not regret fourteen years slavery! Oh, amiable ward and pupil of Naomi! happy was the good old man whose feet and heart thou didst warm! No; beauty never reigns with more empire than in the midst of the occupations of the country! It is there that the graces are on their throne, decorated by simplicity, animated by gaiety, and that we are constrained to adore them.

It is a general impression felt by all, although all do not observe it, that, on the top of high mountains, where the air is keen and pure, and we find a greater facility of respiration, a greater relief of body, and a greater serenity of mind; there our pleasures are less ardent, and our passions more moderate. Our meditations assume a character of greatness and sublimity proportioned to the objects with which we are struck; a certain voluptuousness which partakes not of any thing pungent or sensual. It seems as if, by elevating ourselves above the habitations of men, we divested ourselves of all low and terrestrial sentiments, and that by degrees, as we approach the etherial regions, our soul contracts something of their unalterable purity.

We

We are grave without being melancholy, peaceable without being indolent, happy in the privilege of exifting and reflecting. Violent defires are reduced to a degree of moderation; they lofe that acutenefs that rendered them painful: they leave at the bottom of the heart a light and agreeable emotion, and it is thus that a good climate makes thofe paffions conducive to the happinefs of man, which are in other places his torment. I doubt whether any violent agitation, or any vaporifh complaint, could refift a long refidence in fuch a fituation: and I am furprifed that baths, of the falutary and falubrious air of the mountains, are not one of the great remedies of medicine and morality.

A Pic-

## A Picture of the Rising of the Sun.

LET us tranſport ourſelves to ſome eminence before the riſing of the ſun. We ſee it announce its approach from afar, by ſtreaks of fire which it darts before it. The fire increaſes; the eaſt appears all in flames, from whoſe brightneſs we are held in expectation of ſeeing the ſun a great while before it appears: we every moment think we ſee it; we ſee it at laſt. A luminous point ſtarts to our view like a flaſh of lightening, and fills in an inſtant the whole of ſurrounding ſpace. The veil of darkneſs is effaced, and falls: man recognizes the place of his abode, and finds it embelliſhed. The graſs has acquired, during the night, a freſh vigour: the new-born day which lights it, the firſt rays of the ſun which gild it, diſplay it, arrayed in a brilliant mantle of dew which reflect to the eye light and colour. The birds unite, and ſalute in concert the Father of life; at this moment not one is ſilent. Their feeble warblings are more ſoft than in the reſt of the day: they breathe ſomewhat of a languor which ſhews that they have awakened in peace. The aſſemblage of all theſe objects makes ſuch

ſuch an impreſſion of freſhneſs on the ſenſes as penetrates the very ſoul. Then there is an half hour of enchantment which no man can reſiſt. A ſight ſo grand, ſo beautiful, ſo charming, baniſhes indifference from the coldeſt hearts.

Of

# OF HISTORY.

TO know men, we muſt ſee them act. In the world we hear them ſpeak; they ſhew their diſcourſe, but hide their actions. In hiſtory the veil is thrown off; it teaches us to read the hearts of men, without the aſſiſtance of leſſons of philoſophy, and to judge of them by their deeds: but, in forming an eſtimate of them, we alſo derive ſome aid from their diſcourſe. For, if we compare their actions with their words, we ſee at once what they are, and what they want to appear: the more they diſguiſe themſelves, the better we know them. This ſtudy has nevertheleſs its dangers, and more than one ſpecies of inconvenience. It is difficult to place ourſelves in a point of view, from which we may judge our fellow creatures with equity. One of the greateſt faults of hiſtory, is, that it repreſents men much oftener on their worſt ſide, than their beſt. As hiſtory is intereſting only by means of its revolutions, and cataſtrophes, ſo long as a people flouriſh and proſper, under the tranquillity of a peaceable government, it ſays nothing of them: it begins to ſpeak of them only when, being no-

longer

longer able to ftand by themfelves, they take a part in the affairs of their neighbours, or let their neighbours meddle in theirs: it celebrates them only when they are on their decline. All our hiftories begin where they ought to end. We have very circumftantial hiftories of thofe people who deftroy one another: but what we want is a hiftory of thofe who flourifh and multiply; but fuch a people are too wife and happy for hiftory to have any thing to record of them: and, in fact, we fee in our days, that thofe governments which conduct themfelves the beft, are thofe which are the leaft fpoken of. We are acquainted therefore with nothing but evil: it is feldom that an epoch in hiftory is taken from what is good. Bad men only are celebrated; the good are forgotten, or turned into ridicule; and thus it is, that hiftory, as well as philofophy, inceffantly calumniates the human fpecies.

Farther, the events recorded in hiftory are not always reprefented exactly as they happened. They change their form in the brain of the hiftorian: they are moulded according to his intereft: they take the colour of his prejudices. Who is it that has the art of tranfporting the reader to the fcene of action, and to fhew him an event, exactly as it happened? Ignorance or partiality difguife every thing. Without even altering one hiftorical fact, by taking off from fome circumftances, and adding to others

which

which have a relation to it, how many different appearances we may give it! Place the fame object in feveral points of view; it will hardly appear the fame; and yet nothing will have changed but the eye of the fpectator. Does it fuffice, for the honour of truth, to tell me a real fact, and at the fame time make me fee it in a quite different light or manner from that in which it happened? How often has a tree, more or lefs, a rock to the right, or left, a cloud of duft raifed by the wind, decided the event of a battle, without any body's having perceived it? Does this prevent the hiftorian from telling you the caufe of the defeat, or of the victory with as much affurance as if he had been every where prefent? But what fignifies the facts themfelves, when the reafon remains unknown; and what leffon can I draw from an event, of which I am ignorant of the real caufe? The hiftorian gives me one, but be forgets it: and even criticifm, about which there is fuch a buftle, is only the art of gueffing; the art of choofing from a number of miftakes, that which comes the neareft to truth. Have you never read Cleopatra, or Caffandra, or other books of the fame kind? The author choofes an event which is known, then accommodating it to his views, embellifhing it with details of his own invention, with perfonages that have never exifted, and with imaginary pictures, he heaps fiction on fiction, to make his narrative agreeable.

I fee

I see very little difference between these romances and our histories, unless it be that the writers of romance follow the flights of their own imagination, and that the historian subjects himself to that of other people: to which I will add, if required, that the author of a romance proposes to himself a moral object, good or evil, about which the other is totally indifferent.

It may be said, that the fidelity of history is less interesting than the truth of morals and characters; that provided the human heart be represented in proper colours, it is of little consequence that events should be faithfully recorded: for, after all, what are events to us that happened two thousand years ago? This is true, if the pictures are properly copied after nature; but if the greatest part of them have their model only in the imagination of the historian, is it not falling again into the very error we wished to avoid, and giving to the authority of the writers what we wish to take from that of the master? The worst historians for a young man, are those who judge of the facts: let him judge himself; it is thus that he learns to know man. If he is continually guided by the judgement of the author, he sees only with another's eyes; and when he is deprived of those eyes, he sees nothing at all!

I pass by modern history, not only because it has no character, and that our men are all like one ano-

another, but becaufe our hiftorians, anxious only to fhine, think of nothing but drawing pictures highly coloured, and which often reprefent nothing: witnefs Davila, Guicciardini, Strada, Defolis, Machiavel, and fometimes even De Thou. Vertot is almoft the only modern hiftorian who knows how to paint without drawing formal portraits. There is in general lefs of this portrait painting in the ancients, as well as lefs wit and more fenfe in their obfervations. Still, however, there is among the ancient hiftorians a great difference, and we ought not at firft to take the moft profound, but the moft fimple. I would neither put Salluft nor Tacitus into the hands of a young man. This latter is a book for old men: young people are not calculated to underftand it: we muft learn to fee in the actions of men the firft traits of the human heart, before we attempt to found its deep receffes; we muft learn to pry well into facts, before we pry into maxims. Thucydides is, in my opinion, a true model for hiftorians: he records facts, without pronouncing judgement on them; but omits not any circumftance that can aid us in judging of them ourfelves. He brings all that he relates under the eye of the reader. Far from placing himfelf between his events and readers, he keeps himfelf entirely out of view; we forget we are reading, we fancy we fee the events. Uufortunately he talks always of war, and we fee

hardly

hardly any thing in his writings but the thing in the world which is the leaſt inſtructive, that is, battles. The retreat of the ten thouſand, and Cæſar's commentaries, partake nearly of the ſame excelleuce, and the ſame fault.

The good Herodotus, without figures, without maxims, but ſmooth and ſimple, full of details the moſt capable of intereſting and pleaſing, would, perhaps, be eſtéemed the firſt of hiſtorians, if theſe ſame details did not often degenerate into puerile ſimplicity, fitter to corrupt the taſte of young people than to form it. With regard to Titus Livius, he is a politician and an orator; he is every thing that is improper for this age.

Hiſtory is in general defective, becauſe it marks only great and ſtriking events, which may be aſcertained by names, places, and dates: but the ſlow and progreſſive cauſe of theſe events, which cannot be thus aſcertained, always remain unknown. War, in general, only ſhews events that are already determined by moral cauſes, into which hiſtorians are ſeldom able to penetrate.

Add to this, that hiſtory ſhews actions rather than men, becauſe it only takes notice of theſe in certain moments, when they are in their beſt dreſs; they only expoſe his public character, which is prepared for inſpection. It does not follow him into his houſe, into his family, into the midſt of his friends;

friends; it only paints him when he is difguifed; it is his drefs more than his perfon that it defcribes.

As an introduction to the ftudy of the human heart, I fhould, to the ftudy of civil hiftory, prefer that of biography; for it is then in vain for man to difguife himfelf; the hiftorian purfues him every where; he leaves him not a moment of repofe; no corner to avoid the penetrating eye of the fpector; and it is often when the one fuppofes himfelf moft concealed, that the other makes him moft known. They, fays Montague, who write lives, as they are more taken up with counfels than events, more with what paffes within, than with what paffes without, fuit me beft: this is the reafon why Plutarch is my favourite.

It is certain that the genius of men in fociety is very different from that of men in private; and we fhould have a very imperfect knowledge of the human heart, if we did not examine it likewife in the croud: but it is not lefs certain, that we muft begin by examining men individually to know mankind in general; and that he who is perfectly acquainted with the propenfities of each individual, may forefee all their effects, when combined, in the body of the people.

It is to the ancients that we muft again have recourfe for this ftudy of men, for the reafons that I have already advanced; and farther, becaufe all familiar

familiar and low details, but true and characteriſtic, being baniſhed from the modern ſtyle, men are as much diſguiſed by our authors, in their private lives, as on the theatre of the world. Decency, not leſs ſevere in writings than in actions, does not permit thoſe things to be ſaid in public, which it does not permit to be done; and, as men can only be ſhewn in feigned characters, we do not know them better in our books than on our theatres. It would be difficult to write again and again, an hundred times, the lives of Kings; we ſhall have no more Suetoniuſes.

Plutarch has attained to excellence by thoſe very details, into which we no longer dare to enter. He poſſeſſes an inimitable grace in painting great men engaged in little actions; and he is ſo happy in the choice of thoſe actions, that a word, a ſmile, a geſture, ſuffices in his hands, to characterize his hero. Hannibal, with a jocoſe word, encouraged or frightened his army, and made them march laughing to the battle which conquered Italy. Agéſilaus, aſtride upon a ſtick, makes me love the conqueror of a great King. Ceſar travelling through a poor little village, and converſing with his friends, diſcovers, without thinking, the cheat, who ſaid he only wanted to be equal to Pompey. Alexander ſwallowed a medicine, and uttered not a word: this was the moſt glorious moment of his life.

life. Ariſtides wrote his real name upon a ſhell, and thus juſtified his ſurname. Philopomenes cut wood with his coat off, in his landlord's kitchen. This is the real art of painting men. The phyſiognomy of man does not ſhew itſelf in great features, nor the character, in great actions: it is by trifles that the diſpoſition is diſcovered. Public actions are either too common, or too much embelliſhed; and it is almoſt only theſe of which the dignity of our modern authors permits them to take notice.

One of the greateſt men of the laſt century was inconteſtibly M. de Turenne. The man who wrote his life had the courage to render it intereſting, by little anecdotes, which make him known and beloved; but how many has he been forced to conceal, which would have made him more known and more beloved! I ſhall only cite one, which I have from good authority, and which Plutarch would have been very careful not to omit, but which Ramſay would not have wrote, if he had known it.

One day in Summer, when it was extremely hot, the Viſcount de Turenne, dreſſed in a white waiſcoat and in a cap, was at the window of his antichamber. One of his ſervants coming in, and deceived by his dreſs, miſtook him for one of the under cooks, with whom this ſervant was very intimate.

timate. He approached softly behind him, and, with a hand that was none of the lightest, gave him a violent blow upon the buttocks. The man that received the blow turned round that moment. The servant saw with dread that it was his master. He fell on his knees quite confounded — "My "Lord, I thought it was George." — "And if it "had been George," cried Turenne, rubbing the part that had received the stroke, "you should not "have struck quite so hard."—Historians, this is then what you dare not relate? But you render yourselves despicable by too much dignity. As to you, amiable young man! who shall read this anecdote, and who feelest with emotion all the mildness of disposition it shews; read at the same time all the meannesses of this great man, in every thing that related to his birth, or his name. Remember, that it is the same Turenne who affected every where to let his nephew pass before him, in order that every body might perceive that this child was the hopes of a royal family. Bring these contrasts into one point of view, love nature, despise opinion, and know men.

I perceive by the manner in which young people are made to read history, that they are transformed in a manner, into all the personages they read of: their tutors endeavour to make them become sometimes Cicero, sometimes Trajan, sometimes Alex-

ander; they difcourage them when they compare themfelves to thefe great men; and infpire every one with regret that he is only himfelf. This method has certain advantages, with which I do not find fault; but we muft reflect, that he who begins by becoming a ftranger to himfelf, very foon forgets himfelf entirely.

Thofe who fay, that the moft interefting hiftory that any man can read, is that of his own country, do not fpeak truth. The hiftories of fome countries can hardly be read, unlefs we were fools, or merchants. The moft ufeful hiftory is that in which we find the greateft number of examples of every fpecies of virtue and goodnefs; in a word, the moft inftruction. It will be faid, that we may find as many of thefe examples, among people of the prefent age, as among the ancients. That pofition is not true: look into antient hiftory and refute it. It will be faid, that it is the want of good hiftorians that is the caufe of it; but afk them why? That is not true. Furnifh matter for good hiftories, and good hiftorians will be eafily found. In fhort, there are men who will tell you, that the people in every age refemble each other; that they have the fame virtues and the fame vices; that we only admire the ancients, becaufe they are ancients. But neither is this true: for great things were effected formerly by fimple

means,

means, and we do now-a-days quite the contrary. The ancients were the cotemporaries of their historians, and have nevertheless taught us to admire them. If posterity should admire ours, they will not have learnt it from us.

The antient historians are full of views that might be useful in the conduct of life, even if the facts on which they are founded were false: but we know not how to draw any real advantage from history. Learned criticism confounds every thing; as if it were necessary that a fact should be true, in order to furnish an useful moral. Men of sense should regard history as a tissue of fables, the morality of which is adapted to the human heart *.

* There is, among the moderns, an historian, whose name is but just beginning to rise to that celebrity which it will one day attain, who, with the truth of history, unites, in a most admirable manner, those qualities which Rousseau, with just taste and observation, commends in the antients, but finds not in many modern writers. The author alluded to is, Mr. Cunningham, who, in his history of Great Britain, from the reign of Cromwell to the accession of the present family, pleases his reader by a thousand interesting anecdotes, unfolds with perfect perspicuity the grand measures and events of policy and of war, and, by his display of human character and conduct, touches and commands every emotion of the heart.—Had this history been published in the time of Rousseau, it is more than probable that he would have mentioned him.

# ROMANCES.

THEATRES, and places of public diverſions, are neceſſary in great cities, and romances are neceſſary to a corrupted people.

Romances are, perhaps, the laſt ſpecies of inſtruction which remains to be given to a people too depraved to receive any other. The compoſition, therefore, of this kind of books ſhould be permitted only to men of good morals, as well as great ſenſibility, who ſhould exhibit a picture of their hearts in their writings. The author of romances ſhould not be above the frailties of human nature; they ſhould not all on a ſudden draw pictures of virtue beyond the imitation of men, but ſhould make them love it, by painting it leſs ſevere, and who know the art of ſenſibly conducting them to it, from the boſom of vice.

We complain that romances diſturb the mind: I readily believe it. By continually laying before the reader the pretended charms of a ſtate, of which they are not in poſſeſſion, it makes them take a diſlike to their own ſituations, and make an imaginary exchange with that which they are taught to love.

By

By wiſhing to be what we are not, we at leaſt fancy ourſelves different from what we really are; and thus it is that we become mad. If novels only ſhewed their readers pictures of objects that are familiar to them, duties that they were able to fulfil, pleaſures ſuited to their conditions, inſtead of making them mad, they would make them wiſe; becauſe they would inſtruct, at the ſame time, that they captivated them; and, by deſtroying the falſe and contemptible maxims of great ſocieties, they would attach them to their actual ſituations in life. With all theſe qualities, a romance, if it be well written, at leaſt if it be uſeful, muſt be railed at, deteſted, and cried down by people of the world, as inſipid, extravagant, and ridiculous: and thus it is that the folly of the world paſſes for wiſdom *.

There are a great many more novels read in the provinces, than in Paris; they are more read in the

* There is a diſtinction between romances and novels: a very high degree of extravagance is admitted with a pleaſing effect in the former: the latter are expected to keep near to real life. We are pleaſed with the well-conducted extravagance of *Gulliver*, *Micromegos*, and *The Man of the Moon*: it is the contrary quality of a faithful adherence to what actually paſſes in the world that beſtows its greateſt charm on *Cecilia*, and even gives an intereſt to compoſitions that ſcarcely ſeem to aſpire to wit or fancy, but drawn from actual obſervation merely: ſuch as Exceſſive Senſibility, and the Counteſs of Sanmore.

country than in towns, and they make a great impreſſion. But thoſe books, which might ſerve at once for amuſement, inſtruction, and conſolation, to a countryman, who is only unhappy becauſe he fancies himſelf ſo, ſeem calculated only to give him a diſguſt at his ſituation, by extending and ſtrengthening the prejudice which makes him deſpiſe it: men of the world, women who are in the ton, the great, and military men, are always the principal perſonages of all novels. The refinement of taſte in towns, the maxims of the court, the preparations of luxury and epicurean morality, are the leſſons they preach, and the precepts they give. The colouring of falſe virtues eclipſes the ſplendour of the real; in the tranſactions of life, art is ſubſtituted to real duties; fine diſcourſes throw contempt on great actions; and the ſimplicity of good morals paſs for unpoliſhed manners. What effects muſt ſuch pictures produce on a country ſquire, who ſees his hoſpitality railed at, and the joy and pleaſure which he promotes in his diſtrict called brutal revels? Or on his wife, who learns, that the occupations of the mother of a family are beneath ladies of her rank? Upon his daughter, who is taught by the affectation of manners, and the cant of towns, to deſpiſe their honeſt and unpoliſhed neighbour, whom ſhe would have married? All in concert, no longer chooſing to be clowns, are diſguſted with their villages, abandon their

their old feats, which foon fall into ruins, and go to the capital, where the father, adorned with the crofs of St. Louis, lofing all his confequence, becomes a valet, or lives by his wits. The mother eftablifhes a gaming houfe; the daughter draws gamblers to it; and they all three often die in mifery and difhonour.

# TRAVELS.

WE never open a book of travels, in which we do not find deſcriptions of characters and manners; but we are aſtoniſhed to find that thoſe people who have deſcribed ſo many things, have ſaid nothing more than what was already known; nor have they perceived any thing more at the other end of the world, than they might have remarked without going out of the ſtreet they lived in; and that thoſe true features, which diſtinguiſh nations, and which ſtrike thoſe eyes which are capable of ſeeing, have always eſcaped theirs. It is to this circumſtance that we are indebted for that fine moral ſaying ſo hacknied among the philoſophical tribe, that men are every where alike, that having every where the ſame paſſions, and the ſame vices, it is quite uſeleſs to attempt to characterize different people: which is nearly as ſound an argument, as if we were to maintain, that we cannot diſtinguiſh Peter from James, becauſe they have both of them a noſe, a mouth, and eyes. Shall we never ſee thoſe happy times revived, when the people never thought of philoſophiſing, but when Plato, Thales, and

and Pythagoras, inſpired with an ardent deſire of knowledge, undertook the greateſt voyages, ſolely for the ſake of inſtruction, and went to a diſtance from home to ſhake off the yoke of national prejudices, to learn to know men by their conformity and difference, and acquire univerſal knowledge, which is not that of one century, or one country, excluſively, but which, belonging to all times and places, is in a manner the ſcience common to philoſophers?

We admire the ſplendour of ſome curious people who have made voyages, at a great expence, to the eaſt, accompanied by learned men and painters, to draw the dimenſions of ſome pieces of architecture, and to read, and copy inſcriptions: but it is wonderful to me how, in an age in which men pride themſelves upon elegant knowledge, there is not two ſuitable men to be found, one rich in money, the other in genius, both loving glory, and aſpiring to immortality; one of which would ſacrifice twenty thouſand crowns of his property, and the other ten years of his life for a celebrated voyage round the world; not to ſtudy plants and ſtones, but men and manners, and who, after ſo many ages ſpent in endeavouring to know the houſe, ſhould endeavour, at leaſt, to gain ſome knowleoge of its inhabitants.

There are a great many people who derive even leſs inſtruction from travelling than from books,

 becauſe

becauſe they are unacquainted with the art of thinking; and becauſe, in reading, their imagination is at leaſt guided by the author; but in travelling they can make no obſervations of themſelves.

Of all nations in the world, the French travel the moſt; but full of their own cuſtoms and manners, they decry every thing that does not reſemble them. There are French to be found in every corner of the world. There is no country in which we find more people who have travelled than in France. Notwithſtanding this, though they are, of all people in Europe, thoſe who ſee the moſt, yet they know the leaſt. Engliſhmen travel likewiſe, but in a different manner. It ſeems as if theſe two nations muſt always differ from one another, in every thing. The Engliſh nobility travel; the French nobility do not. The French have always ſome intereſted view in their travelling: but the Engliſh do not go and ſeek their fortune in other nations, unleſs it be by commerce, and with their pockets well lined. When they travel, it is to circulate their money, not to live by their wits; they are too proud to appear mean out of their own country. For this reaſon they gain much more knowledge among ſtrangers than the French do, who have quite another object in view. The Engliſh have, nevertheleſs, ſome national prejudices: they have even more than any other country; but theſe prejudices are leſs the effect of ignorance

norance than of passion. The English have prejudices arising from pride: the French from vanity.

As those people who are the least polished are in general the wisest, so those who travel the least, travel to the best purpose, because, being less advanced than us in frivolous researches, and less occupied with objects of vain curiosity, they turn all their attention to what is really useful. I hardly know any people, unless it be the Spaniards, who travel in this manner. While a Frenchman is running to all the artists of a country, while an Englishman causes some piece of antiquity to be drawn, and a German carries his *Album* to all the learned, the Spaniard studies in silence the government, the morals, and the politics, of nations; and he is the only one out of the four who, when he returns home, has made some remark from what he has seen, which is useful to his country.

The ancients travelled little, read little, and wrote few books: yet we observe, from those which remain, that they observed one another much better than we observe our cotemporaries. Without going back to the writings of Homer, who is the only poet that had the art of transporting us to the country he described, we cannot refuse to Herodotus the honour of having painted manners in his history, although more in narrations

than reflections, better than all our historians do by overloading their books with pictures and characters. Tacitus has described the Germans of his time better than any writer has described those of the present. It is incontestable, that those who are versed in ancient history know the Greeks, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Gauls, and the Persians, better than any people of the present age know their neighbours. It must likewise be acknowledged, that the original character of nations is by degrees worn out, and consequently that becomes more difficult to catch it. Different races of men are gradually intermixed, and the people confounded. Those national prejudices, which in former times struck us at first sight, by little and little disappear. Formerly the people of every country remained at home among themselves: there was less intercourse, less travelling, less sameness, or contrariety of interests, fewer connections, civil and political, among nations, fewer of those royal bickerings called negotiations; no ambassadors in ordinary, or constant residents; extensive voyages were rare; there was but little foreign commerce; and the little that there was carried on by the prince himself, by means either of strangers or of low and contemptible people who could not give the tone to any of their neighbours, and were incapable of uniting the nations. There is, at this day, an hundred times greater connection between

Aſia and Europe, than there was formerly between France and Spain. The nations of Europe were then in a more ſcattered ſituation, with regard to one another, than all the nations of the earth at preſent.

Beſides all this, the antients, who conſidered themſelves as the Aborigines, or original people of their reſpective countries, inhabited them long enough to have loſt all memory of thoſe remote ages in which they were poſſeſſed by their anceſtors, and to have ſubjected them to the laſting impreſſions which, in the long run, are the uſual effects of climate: whereas, with us, firſt the invaſions of the Romans, and afterwards the emigrations of the Barbarians, have thrown all things into tumult and confuſion. The French have not, now, thoſe large bodies, and fair, flaxen complections, which diſtinguiſhed the antient Gauls; the Greeks are no longer thoſe fine men who ſerved as models in the hands of art; the external figure and appearance of the Romans themſelves have changed with their internal character and diſpoſition; the Perſians, originally ſprung from Tartary, every day loſe their primitive ill-favouredneſs. The Europeans are no longer Gauls, Germans, Ligurians, Allobroges: they are nothing elſe than Scythians, diverſified in different ways from their parent ſtock, with reſpect to their outward appearance; and, ſtill more, with reſpect to their moral cha-

characters. What is the reason why, in antient times, the different races of men, and the qualities of climate and soil, made a more sensible and marked distinction among the temperaments, figures, manners, and characters of natives, than the same circumstances do in our days?—European inconstancy leaves not to any cause sufficient time to produce its natural effect and impression. Forests cut down, marshes drained, the earth more generally and equally, though not so highly cultivated, have even banished, in a great measure, those physical differences, which, in former times, subsisted between one domain, or tract of land, and between one country and another.

Under the influence of such reflections as these, we shall, perhaps, be less inclined to laugh at Herodotus, Ctesias, and Pliny, for having described the inhabitants of different countries with such original features and bold distinctions of nature and character as are no where to be seen, now, in the world. It would be necessary, in order to find the same appearances, to find the same men: and, for nations to remain the same, it would be necessary that no circumstance in their condition should have undergone alteration. If we could bring under our view, at one time, all the nations that ever existed, is it to be doubted, that we should perceive greater differences between one age and another

than

than is to be traced at present between nation and nation?

At the same time that observations of this kind have become more nice and difficult, they are made with less care and precision: and this is another reason of that want of success which attends our researches into the natural history of the human species. The instruction to be derived from our travels is relative to the object in view when they were undertaken. If this object be a system of philosophy, the traveller sees only what he has a mind to see: if interest, he exhausts, himself, the whole attention of those with whom he converses. Commerce, and the arts which mix and confound the different races of men, hinder them from studying each other. When once they know the gain or advantage to be made of one another, what farther remains to be known?

There is a material difference between travelling in order to see a country, and travelling in order to see a people. The first of these is always the chief object with your curious people, and the second only an accessary. With the men who would philosophise, this matter ought to be inverted. Infants observe things, waiting till they be capable of making observations on men: men, on the contrary, should begin with observing on their fellow-men, and then make observations on things, if they have time.

In order to attain to a knowledge of nations, it is proper to begin always with that in which we happen to live; afterwards to mark differences as we go over other countries: to compare France, for example, with each of them, as we defcribe an olive by means of a willow, or a palm tree by means of a fir: and we fhould fufpend our judgement concerning the firft country that falls under our obfervation, till we have made our obfervations on all the reft.

Travelling is fuited to only a very few people: it is fuited to thofe only who are firm enough to hear leffons of error without being feduced by them, and to behold examples of vice without following them. Travels pufh natural difpofition to its original bent, and fix and determine a character to be either good or bad. Whoever returns from making the tour of the world, is, at his return, what he will be for the remainder of his life.

## Satire on the Present Times.

STATESMEN in former times, talked inceſſantly of morals and virtues; ours talk of nothing but commerce and money.

Knowledge, ſenſe, and courage alone, engroſs our admiration; whilſt thou, gentle and modeſt virtue, remaineſt always without honors or diſtinction! How blind we are, notwithſtanding all our knowledge! Victims of the raſh applauſe we receive, ſhall we never know how deſerving of contempt and hatred all men are, who make an abuſe, to the detriment of mankind, of that genius and thoſe faculties, which they have received from nature?

The antients had heroes among them, and uſed to put men on their theatres; we, on the contrary, exhibit nothing but heroes, for we hardly have any men. The antients talked of humanity in leſs ſtudied phraſes than we do: but they knew better how to exerciſe it. We might apply to them, as well as to ourſelves, an anecdote recorded by Plutarch, which I cannot reſiſt the temptation of tranſcribing. An old man of Athens, ſought a ſeat at a public place, and could not find

one:

one: ſome young people ſeeing his diſtreſs, beckoned to him at a diſtance: he approached; but they got cloſer together and laughed at him. The poor man was thus obliged to go round the theatre much embarraſſed, not knowing what to do with himſelf, and continually hooted at by the amiable youths. The Spartan ambaſſadors perceived it, and riſing immediately, ſeated the old man honourably between themſelves. This action was obſerved by all the ſpectators, and received univerſal marks of applauſe. Ah! *what various evils!* cried the old man in an accent of ſorrow; *The Athenians know what is polite, but the Lacedemonians practiſe it.* Here is modern philoſophy, and ancient morals.

I obſerve that thoſe people who are always ſo calm, with reſpect to public wrongs, are in general the moſt violent, at the leaſt injury done to themſelves; and that they only keep their philoſophy, ſo long as they do not ſtand in need of it for their own uſe. They are like the Iriſhman, who would not quit his bed, although the houſe was on fire. The people cried to him that the houſe was burning: what is that to me, ſays he? I am only a tenant: at laſt the fire reached him; he immediately began to run and ſcream; and comprehended at laſt, that it is neceſſary to take ſome care of the houſe we inhabit, although it be not our own.

Society is ſo general, and ſo mixt in great towns, that there is no aſylum left for retirement, and we are in public, even at home. By continually living with all the world, we have no longer a family, we hardly know our relations; they appear to us like ſtrangers: and the ſimplicity of a domeſtic life and manners, is extinguiſhed with that amiable familiarity, which conſtituted its charms.

French politeneſs is reſerved and circumſpect, and is ſolely regulated by the exterior: that of humanity holds theſe little decorums very light, and is leſs ſtudious of diſtinguiſhing at firſt ſight, ſituations and ranks, than inclined to reſpect in general all men.

I perceive that it is impoſſible to employ a language more polite, than that of the preſent age; and this is what aſtoniſhes me; but I perceive at the ſame time that it is impoſſible to have more depraved manners, and this is what ſhocks me. Do we expect to become good men, becauſe by covering our vices with decent epithets, we have learnt never to bluſh at them?

An inhabitant of ſome very diſtant country, who ſhould endeavour to form an idea of the European manners, by the ſtate of ſciences among us, by the flouriſhing condition and perfection of our arts, by the decorum and elegance of our public places, by the politeneſs and urbanity of our manners, by the affability of our converſation,

by our continual profeffions of benevolence, and by a tumultuous affemblage of men of all ages, and ranks, who feem eager from the break of day to the fetting of the fun, reciprocally to oblige one another ; this ftranger, I fay, would guefs our morals to be directly contrary to what they are. Now-a-days, that fubtile refearches and refined tafte, have reduced the art of pleafing to rules ; there reigns in our manners a vile and deceitful uniformity, and all underftandings feem to have been caft in the fame mould : politenefs is for ever requiring fome thing or other, and decorum giving fome command. We for ever follow cuftoms, never our genius : we no longer dare to appear what we are : to know our friend, we muft wait fome great opportunity : that is to fay, we muft ftay till it is too late.

A Lacedemonian Preceptor, who was afked in raillery what he would teach his pupil, anfwered, I will teach him to love every thing that is virtuous : were I to meet fuch a man among us, I would tell him in a whifper : beware of holding this language, or you will never have any difciples ; but fay that you will teach them to prattle agreeably, and I will anfwer for your making your fortune.

The arms on coaches, inftead of thofe that ufed to be formerly painted on them, are ornamented now a days at a very great expence, with indecent paintings, as if it were more glorious to announce one's

one's felf to all paffengers, as a man of bad morals, than as a man of quality. What is moft fhocking is, that it is the women who have introduced this cuftom, and who fupport it. A wife man who was one day fhewn a vis-à-vis of this fort, no fooner caft his eyes on the pannels, than he quitted the mafter to whom it belonged, and faid to him, fhew this coach to fome ladies of the court; a good man would be afraid to make ufe of it.

Our gardens are ornamented with ftatues, and our galleries with paintings. What might we reafonably fuppofe thefe mafter pieces of art, expofed to public admiration, reprefent? The defenders of their country, or ftill greater men, thofe who have enriched it by their virtues? No; the images alone of all the wanderings of the heart and reafon, carefully drawn from ancient mythology, and early prefented to the curiofity of our children, undoubtedly, that they may have under their eyes examples of bad morals, before they know how to read.

Our writings, if you will, partake of our frivolous, pleafant occupations; but, infignificant and cold as our fentiments, they have no other merit than an eafy ftile, which is not very difficult to give to trifles. The innumerable works of hackney writers that appear every day, being only calculated to amufe women, and poffeffing neither ftrength nor depth, fly all from the toilet to the

counter. This is the means of inceſſantly writing the ſame books, and of making them always new. Two or three may be cited, that may ſerve as an exception; but I can cite a hundred thouſand, that will confirm the poſition. For this reaſon, moſt of the productions of the preſent age will die with it, and poſterity will think there were few books written, in the very age in which there has been ſo many.

In the great world, virtue is nothing: all is vain ſhew; crimes are effaced by the difficulty of proving them; proofs would be even ridiculous againſt the cuſtoms which authoriſe them: and, for this reaſon, any imprudence in a young woman is deemed unpardonable, while the adultery committed by a married woman carries the mild name of gallantry. They openly make amends, when married, for the ſhort reſtraint they lived in before.

Men of one age are not the men of another: the reaſon why Diogenes could not find any men, is, that he ſought among his cotemporaries, men of an age that no longer exiſted; Cato fell with Rome, and liberty, becauſe he was miſplaced in his century; and the greateſt of all men, only ſurprized the world, which he might have governed five hundred years before.

One of the moſt favourite topics of converſation in polite circles, is ſenſibility; but we muſt not underſtand by this word, affectionate effuſions in

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the bosom of love and friendſhip. It is ſenſibility, employed in great general maxims, and refined by all the ſubtilty of metaphyſics; it is inconceivable refinement. Senſibility with them, is like Homer among the pedants, who have forged a thouſand chimerical beauties in that poet, for want of perceiving the real. In this manner, ſentiment is all ſpent in wit; and ſo much evaporates in converſation, that there is none left for practice; decorum is ſubſtituted in its ſtead. We do nearly the ſame things from cuſtom, which we ſhould by ſenſibility; ſo long at leaſt as they only coſt us the form, and ſome tranſient reſtraint, which we impoſe on ourſelves, to be well ſpoken of: for when ſacrifices conſtrain us too long, or coſt us too much, adieu ſenſibility! decorum does not require it to go ſo far as that.

Every thing is meaſured and weighed in our actions; every thing which no longer exiſts in our own ſentiments, men of the world have laid down as rules among one another; none dares to be himſelf. We muſt do like the reſt of the world: this is the firſt maxim of wiſdom. Such a thing is cuſtomary, ſuch a thing is not: there is the powerful deciſion. Theſe rules, thus eſtabliſhed, every body does the ſame things in the ſame circumſtances; every thing goes on in concert, as in the evolutions of a regiment in battle; juſt like a parcel of puppets nailed upon the ſame board, and tied to the ſame thread.

In whatever ſenſe we conſider things, there is nothing in ſociety but prattle, cant, and converſation, without meaning. On the theatre, as in real life, it is in vain to liſten to what is ſaid: we learn nothing from that of what is done; and what need have we to learn it? So ſoon as a man has ſpoke, do we make any inquiry about his conduct? Has he not done every thing? is he not judged?—The good man, now-a-days, is not he who does good actions, but he who makes fine diſcourſes; and a ſingle, inconſiderate, ungenerous diſcourſe, may do an irreparable injury to the man who holds it, which forty years of integrity would not efface. In a word, I perceive, that the actions of men are far from reſembling their diſcourſes; that men are only judged by their diſcourſes, without any regard being paid to their actions. I ſee likewiſe, that in great cities, ſociety appears more agreeable, more eaſy, and even more ſtable, than among people leſs refined: but are the people in it in reality more humane, more moderate, more juſt? I do not know that they are; it is only appearances. What they ſtrive to prove to me, and bring evidence in ſupport of, is, that it is only thoſe who are half philoſophers, who look into the reality of things: that the true philoſopher conſiders only appearances; that he muſt take prejudices for maxims, politeneſs and decorum for laws, and make the moſt ſublime wiſdom conſiſt in living like fools.

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It is in private ſocieties, and little entertainments, where the door is ſhut to accidental gueſts, that women obſerve themſelves the leaſt, and that we may begin to ſtudy them. It is there that ungenerous and ſatyrical diſcourſes reign moſt peaceably; it is there that they diſcreetly review anecdotes, and diſcover all the ſecret events of ſcandal; that good and evil is made equally ridiculous and agreeable; and that each gueſt, drawing artfully, and according to private intereſt, the characters of individuals, without knowing it, draws with ſtill more juſtice his own. It is there, in a word, that they ſharpen the dagger, under the pretence of its hurting leſs, but in reality in order that it may enter deeper.

Theſe converſations are, notwithſtanding, more witty, than cutting, and they fall leſs upon vice, than folly. In general, ſatire has not a great run, in great cities, where what is only bad, is looked upon of ſuch little conſequence, that it is not worth ſpeaking of. What is there left to be blamed, where virtue is no longer eſteemed? and what ſhould we rail at, when there is no harm found in any thing? At Paris, in particular, where every thing is looked at on its pleaſant ſide, every thing that is fitted to kindle anger and indignation is always ill received, unleſs it is put in a ſong or epigram.

Pretty women do not love to be angry; therefore they are never angry at any thing. They love

to laugh; and as there is nothing to laugh at in crimes, rogues are good men, like the reſt of the world: but woe to him, who lays himſelf liable to ridicule; its cauſtic impreſſion is indelible; it not only attacks morals and virtue; it marks even vice; it aſperſes even the wicked.

What is moſt aſtoniſhing in theſe choſen ſocieties, is, to ſee ſix people ſingled out to amuſe one another, among whom perhaps there are often ſecret connections, unable to remain one hour together, without introducing half Paris, as if their hearts had nothing to ſay to one another, and that there was no perſon there worthy of intereſting them.

If the converſation turns by chance on the gueſts, it is generally in a certain gibberiſh, of which we muſt have the key to underſtand it. With the aſſiſtance of this cypher, they reciprocally, and according to the taſte of the times, make a hundred diſagreeable jokes on one another, during which the greateſt fool does not ſhine the leaſt: while a third part of the company, who are not proficients in this art, are reduced to ſilence and wearineſs, or to laugh at what they do not underſtand.

In the midſt of all this, if a man of conſequence begins a ſerious converſation, or ſtarts a ſerious queſtion, the attention of the whole company is immediately turned to this new object. Men and women, old and young, begin to conſider it in every

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way it will admit; and we are ſurpriſed at the ſenſe and wiſdom which proceeds at will from all thoſe giddy heads, provided always, that no unforeſeen joke comes in to derange this gravity; for every one then ſtrives to outdo one another: they all begin at once, and there is then no poſſibility of reſuming a ſerious manner.

A queſtion in morality would not be better diſcuſſed in a ſociety of philoſophers, than in that of a pretty woman at Paris: the concluſions would even often be leſs ſevere: for the philoſopher who intends to act as he ſays, conſiders it more than once; but here, where all morality is only empty talk, they may be ſevere without any inconvenience; and they would not be ſorry, in order to leſſen a little philoſophical pride, to put virtue ſo far out of reach, that the philoſopher himſelf could not attain to it. In ſhort, men and women, inſtructed by the experience of the world, and particularly by their own conſcience, combine in thinking as ill as poſſible of their ſpecies: always diſmally philoſophiſing; always degrading human nature through vanity; always endeavouring to prove that the ſource of every thing that is good, is to be traced to ſome vice. Judging from their own heart, they are always reviling the hearts of all men.

What do you think is to be learnt from the charming converſations of elegant ſocieties? To judge wiſely of worldly matters? To make a proper uſe



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of ſociety? To know at leaſt the people with whom we live? Nothing of all this. We learn to ſupport untruths, to ſhake and overturn the force of philoſophy, as well as all the principles of virtue; to colour with ſubtle ſophiſms, our paſſions and prejudices, and to give to error a certain faſhionable appearance, according to the maxims of the day. It is not neceſſary to be acquainted with the character of people, but ſimply with their intereſt, to gueſs what they will ſay on each ſubject. When a man ſpeaks, it is in a manner his coat that dictates the ſentiment he utters; he will change his opinion without any ceremony, as often as he changes his ſituation. Give him by turns a great wig, regimentals, and a croſs, you will hear him ſucceſſively preach, with the ſame zeal, the laws, deſpotiſm, and the inquiſition.

There is one kind of reaſoning ſuited to the gentlemen of the long robe; a ſecond to financiers; a third to thoſe of the army. Every one proves to your ſatisfaction, that what is made uſe of by the other two is falſe; a truth that may be affirmed of all three. Therefore, nobody ever ſays what he thinks, but what it is his intereſt to make others think: and the apparent zeal they ſeem to poſſeſs for truth, is never any thing but the maſk of intereſt.

You may perhaps think, that people who live in retirement and independence, have at leaſt opinions of their own. Not at all! They are only another

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kind of machines, who never think of themſelves, and who are taught to think like clock-work. We need only examine their ſocieties, and their clubs, or aſk their friends, the women of faſhion that they ſee, or the authors they know: when we are acquainted with theſe, we may pronounce beforehand their ſentiments on a book that is near being publiſhed, and which they have never read; on a piece that is going to be played, and which they have not ſeen; upon ſuch and ſuch a ſyſtem, of which they have not the leaſt idea. And as a clock is in general only wound up for four-and-twenty hours, all theſe people go every night to learn in the ſocieties they frequent, what they are to think to-morrow.

There is a ſmall number of men and women who think for one another, and through whom all the others ſpeak and act; and as every body thinks of his own intereſt, and nobody of the general good; and that private intereſts put them in continual oppoſition to one another, there is a continual intrigue and cabal, a conſtant ebbing and flowing of prejudices, and of different opinions, where the moſt violent, animated by contradiction, hardly ever know what is the ſubject of diſpute. Every club has its rules, its deciſions, its principles, which are not admitted any where elſe. A good man, in his own houſe, is often a rogue in his neighbour's. Good, bad, beautiful, ugly, truth, and virtue, have only a local and circumſcribed exiſtence. Whoever loves



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to mix much with the world, and to frequent a great many ſocieties, ought to be more pliant than Alcibiades: he ought to change his principles like his company; to modify in a manner his underſtanding at each ſtep, and meaſure his opinions with great exactneſs. He muſt, at every viſit he makes, quit his ſoul, if he has one, and take another ſuited to the houſe he enters; as a footman puts on a livery, and takes it off again when he quits his place, and takes back, if he will, his own coat, till he makes another exchange.

Nay, more, all are continually in contradiction with themſelves, without any body ever finding fault with it. We have rules for converſation, and rules for practice; nobody is ſhocked at their difference, and they have agreed that they ſhould differ. An author, particularly if he be a moraliſt, is not even required to talk like his books, nor to act as he ſpeaks. His writings, his diſcourſes, his conduct, are three diſtinct things, which he is not obliged to reconcile. In a word, every thing is abſurd, and nothing ſhocks, becauſe we are accuſtomed to it: there is even in this inconſiſtency a ſort of reſpectable appearance, upon which a great many people pride themſelves. In fact, notwithſtanding that all preach the maxims of their profeſſions, they all pique themſelves upon having the appearance and manners of another. The magiſtrate apes the officer; the tradeſman the man of faſhion;

faſhion; the biſhop makes gallant diſcourſes; the courtier talks of philoſophy; the man of buſineſs of elegant knowledge: all this holds even down to the poor mechanic, who, not being able to aſſume any other language than his own, dreſſes himſelf in black every Sunday, to have the appearance of a man of faſhion. Military men alone, deſpiſing all other ſituations, preſerve without any ceremony the manners of their own.

Therefore, the people we ſpeak to, are not thoſe with whom we converſe; their ſentiments do not proceed from their hearts; their knowledge is not in their minds, their diſcourſes do not convey their ideas: we ſee nothing of them, but their perſons, and we are in an aſſembly as before a moving ſcene, where the quiet ſpectator is the only being that is moved of itſelf. How pleaſant it would be to live among us, if the exterior countenance was always the image of the diſpoſitions of the heart; if decency were virtue; if our maxims ſerved us for rules; if true philoſophy were inſeparable from the title of philoſopher! But ſo many amiable qualities too ſeldom go together: virtue walks not in ſuch ſtate.

Let us thoroughly examine our frivolous profeſſions of benevolence, and what paſſes at the bottom of our hearts, or, if we reflect what muſt be the ſtate of things, when men are forced to careſs and deſtroy one another mutually, where they are born enemies through duty, and cheats through intereſt.

Every man is a gainer, it is ſaid, by ſerving others: true; but we gain more by prejudicing them. There is no legitimate profit, but what is ſurpaſſed by that which we may make illegitimately; and the harm done our neighbours, is always more lucrative than the ſervices we render him. The only queſtion is, how to do it with impunity. It is for this that the powerful employ all their ſtrength, and the weak all their art.

What a contraſt between the diſcourſes, the ſentiments, and the actions of good people! When I ſee the ſame men change their opinions, according to their company; MOLINISTS in one, JANSENISTS in another; vile courtiers when with miniſters; a refractory patriot when with thoſe who are not on the ſide of the miniſter: when I hear a man, covered with gold, condemn luxury; a collector, taxes; a prelate, irregularity: when I hear a woman of the court talk of modeſty; a great nobleman of virtue; an author of ſimplicity; an abbé of religion; and that theſe abſurdities ſhock nobody; ought I not to conclude, that people are not more anxious to hear truth, than to ſpeak it; and that, far from wiſhing to perſuade others, when they ſpeak to them, they do not endeavour to make them think that they believe themſelves what they are ſaying to them?

Authors, men of letters, and philoſophers, never ceaſe exclaiming, that, to fulfil the duties of a citi-

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zen, to ſerve our fellow-creatures, we muſt live in great cities: according to them, flying from Paris, is hating mankind; country people are nothing in their eyes; to hear them, we might ſuppoſe, that there is only men where there are penſions, academies, and entertainments.

From neighbour to neighbour, the ſame inclinations hurries on all ſtates. Stories, romances, plays, are all taken from the country; they all turn into deriſion the ſimplicity of rural manners; they all preach the manners and the pleaſures of the great world; it is a misfortune not to taſte them. Who knows how many ſharpers, and proſtitutes, the attractions of theſe imaginary pleaſures bring every day to Paris? Thus, prejudices and opinion, ſtrengthening the effect of political ſyſtems, draw together the inhabitants of each country into ſome corner of its territories, and leave all the reſt deſert and uncultivated. Thus, to make the capital brilliant and ſplendid, nations are unpeopled; and this frivolous ſplendor, which dazzles the eyes of fools, makes Europe run headlong to its ruin.

The French people of faſhion count nobody but themſelves in the world; all the reſt of mankind are nothing in their eyes. To have a coach, a Swiſs, a butler, is being LIKE ALL THE WORLD. To be LIKE ALL THE WORLD, we muſt be like very few people. Thoſe who walk on foot, are

not people of the world; they are tradesmen, common people; people, in short, of the other world: and we might say, that a carriage is not so necessary to carry us, as it is to make us exist.

MAN.

# M A N.

IN the present ſtate of things, a man, left to himſelf from his birth, among others, would be, of all men, the moſt disfigured and helpleſs. Prejudices, authority, neceſſity, example, all thoſe ſocial inſtitutions in which we are immerſed, would ſtifle nature, and ſubſtitute nothing in its place. Human nature, thus ſituated, would be in the ſame condition with a little tree, ſpringing up by chance in a public road, which travellers ſoon deſtroy by knocking it on all ſides, and bending it in all directions.

Plants are faſhioned by cultivation, and Men by education. If men were born tall and ſtrong, their ſtature and ſtrength would be of no ſignification to them, till they had learnt to make uſe of it. It would even be prejudicial to them, becauſe it would prevent others from even thinking of aſſiſting them; and abandoned to themſelves, they would die of miſery, before they had even known their wants. We complain of the ſtate of childhood: we do not perceive that the human ſpecies would all have periſhed, if men had not been firſt children.

Suppoſe a child, as ſoon as it was born, had the ſtature and ſtrength of a man, that he came out, ſo

to ſpeak, from the womb of his mother, like Pallas out of the brain of Jupiter; this man-child would be a perfect ideot, an automaton, an inanimate ſtatue, and almoſt inſenſible. He would ſee nothing, he would hear nothing, he would know nothing; he would know nobody; he would not know how to turn his eyes towards what he wanted to look at. Not only would he be without all perception of external objects: he would not even apprehend an object in thoſe very organs of ſenſe by which external objects are diſcovered: colours would not exiſt in his eyes; nor ſounds in his ears: whatever material object he might touch, it would not ſeem to be in contact with his body; nay he would not even know that he had a body. The touch of his hand would be felt in his brain; all his ſenſations would be concentrated in a ſingle point; it is only in this common *ſenſorium* that he would exiſt: he would only have one idea, namely, that of *me*, to which he would refer all his ſenſations; and this idea, or rather this ſentiment, would be the only thing that he would have that is not in the poſſeſſion of an ordinary infant.

It is the fate of Man to ſuffer in every period of his exiſtence. Even the attention neceſſary to ſelf-preſervation, is painful. Happy in our infant years to know no other than phyſical evils! Evils which are much leſs cruel, much leſs afflicting, than others, and which much ſeldomer make us weary

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of life. We do not kill ourſelves for the pains of the gout; there is hardly any but thoſe of the mind, which ever produce deſpair. We pity the ſtate of childhood, and it is ours which we ought to pity. Our greateſt misfortunes proceed from ourſelves.

So long as men were ſatisfied with their rural huts; ſo long as they were ſatisfied with faſtening their dreſſes of ſkin with thorns, or fiſh bones, and ornamenting themſelves with feathers and ſhells, with painting their bodies of different colours; with embelliſhing their bows and arrows; with cutting out with ſharp ſtones, fiſhing-boats, or ſome ruſtic inſtrument of muſic; in a word, ſo long as they only applied themſelves to work that one perſon might do, and to arts that had no need of the aſſiſtance of ſeveral hands; they lived free, healthy, good, and happy, as far as their nature would admit of happineſs, and continued to enjoy among themſelves the pleaſures of an independent commerce: but from the moment that one man ſtood in need of the aſſiſtance of another; ſo ſoon as they perceived that it was uſeful for one man to have proviſion enough for two, equality diſappeared, the idea of property was introduced, and labour became neceſſary: vaſt foreſts were changed into ſmiling plains, which it was neceſſary to water with the ſweat of the brow, and where ſlavery and miſery were ſoon ſeen to ſpring up with the harveſt. Metallurgy, and agriculture, were the two arts, the

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invention of which produced this great revolution. The poet ſuppoſes it to have been gold and ſilver; but the philoſopher knows that it was iron and corn that civilized men, and loſt all mankind.

Men are not deſigned to throng together in ſuch numbers, but to be diſperſed upon the earth, which they ought to cultivate. The more they aſſemble, the more they become corrupted. The infirmities of the body, as well as the vices of the heart, are the infallible effects of too great a number of people being drawn together. Man is, of all animals, that which ought the leaſt to live in flocks. Men heaped together like ſheep, would periſh in a very little time. The breath of man is fatal to his fellow-creatures; this is not leſs true in the reality than in the figurative ſenſe of the word.

If the only object in queſtion were, to ſhew young people men with their maſks on, we ſhould have no occaſion to ſhew them; they would ſee them without us; but ſince the maſk is not the man, and that they muſt not be ſeduced by their appearance, in deſcribing men, deſcribe them as they are, not that they may hate, but pity them, and not wiſh to be like them. This, in my mind, is the plaineſt ſentiment that a man can entertain concerning his ſpecies.

The ſupreme Being has choſen to do honour in every thing, to the human ſpecies: when he gave

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to man unlimited propenſities, he gave him at the ſame time laws to regulate them, that he might be free, and command himſelf: when he gave him immoderate paſſions, he joined reaſon to thoſe paſſions to govern them: when he gave women unlimited deſires, he joined modeſty to thoſe deſires, to reſtrain them.

In addition to all theſe circumſtances, he encouraged a proper uſe of the ſenſes by a poſitive recompence; namely, the taſte we have for every thing that is virtuous, when we make virtue the rule of our actions.

Men ſay that life is ſhort; and I perceive that they endeavour to make it ſo. Not knowing how to employ it, they complain of the rapidity of time; and I perceive that it even paſſes ſlower than they deſire. Always full of the object of which they are in purſuit, they ſee, with regret, the interval which ſeparates them from it: one would be at to-morrow, the other at next month; another at ten years hence; none would live to-day: nobody is ſatisfied with the time preſent; every body complains that it moves too ſlowly on.

Mortals, will you never ceaſe to find fault with Nature? Why do you complain that life is ſhort, ſince it is not ſhort enough for your taſte? If there be one among you, who knows how to exerciſe due moderation in his deſires, never to form a wiſh that

time

time ſhould paſs away, ſuch a one will not find life too ſhort: to live and enjoy will be the ſame thing to him; and were he deſtined to die young, he would even then die full of years.

Study

# STUDY OF MAN.

THE Study which is ſuitable to Man, is that of his relations. So long as he only knows himſelf by his phyſical being, he ought to ſtudy himſelf by his relations to things: this is the employment of his childhood. When he begins to feel his moral exiſtence, he ought to ſtudy himſelf by his relations to men: this is the buſineſs of his whole life.

An upright heart, is the firſt organ of truth; that which has felt nothing, knows not how to learn any thing; it knows only how to wander from error to error; it acquires only a wiſdom and a barren knowledge; becauſe the true relation of things to man, which is the moſt uſeful of all ſciences to him, remains always concealed. But it is limiting ourſelves to the firſt half of this ſcience, not to ſtudy likewiſe the relations that things have to one another, in order to judge better of thoſe they have to us. It is of little uſe to be acquainted with human paſſions, if we know what value to ſet upon the objects of thoſe paſſions; and this ſecond ſtudy can only be made in the undiſturbed tranquillity of meditation. Our true maſters, are experience and feeling; and man is never to judge of what is

ſuitable or good for man, except in thoſe things which he has experienced.

The youth of the wiſe man, is the time of his experience, of which his paſſions are the inſtruments; but, after having applied his mind to exterior objects, in order to feel them, he withdraws it within himſelf, to conſider, to compare, and to know them.

# LIBERTY OF MAN.

NO material being is active of itſelf; but I am. It is in vain to diſpute this with me: I feel it; and this ſentiment which ſpeaks, is ſtronger than the reaſon which combats it. I have a body upon which other bodies act, and which acts upon them; this reciprocal action is not doubtful; but my will is not independent of my ſenſes. I yield, or reſiſt; I am vanquiſhed, or I conquer; and I feel perfectly within myſelf, when I have done what I wanted to do, or when I have only been overcome by my paſſions. I have always the power of will, but not always the force of executing it. When I yield to my ſenſations, I act according to the impulſe of external objects; I only liſten to my will; I am made a ſlave through my vices, and through the remorſe which theſe produce, I regain my freedom. The ſentiments of liberty is never effaced in me, but when I ſuffer myſelf to be corrupted, and when I prevent the voice of the ſoul from revolting againſt the laws of the body.

I know nothing of will, but by what I feel of my own, and the underſtanding is not more known to me. When I am aſked what is the cauſe which de-

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termines my will, I aſk, in my turn, what is the cauſe which determines my judgement? For it is obvious that theſe two cauſes make but one; and if we form a juſt conception of that active energy, which we exerciſe in the formation of our judgements, and that his underſtanding is nothing more than the power of comparing and judging, we ſhall perceive that Liberty is a power of the ſame kind with that juſt mentioned, or perhaps derived from it. He chuſes the good, if he has diſcerned the truth; if he jndges wrong, he chuſes the bad.—— What is then the cauſe which determines his will? It is his intelligent faculties; it is the power he poſſeſſes of judging; the deciſive cauſe is in himſelf. Beyond that, I underſtand nothing.

I am undoubtedly not at liberty either not to deſire what is good for me, or to wiſh myſelf any harm; but my liberty conſiſts in this very thing, that it is not in my power to wiſh what is ſuitable to me, or at leaſt what I look upon as ſuch, without being determined in my volition by ſomething foreign to me, or external. Does it follow from this, that I am not my own maſter, becauſe I am not the maſter of being any other than myſelf?

The principle of all action lies in the will of a free being: we cannot go beyond that. I do not mean the word liberty, which ſignifies nothing; I mean that of neceſſity. If we ſuppoſe ſome act, ſome effect, not derived from an active principle, it

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is, in fact, supposing effects without causes; it is falling into an absurd circle. Either there is no first impulse, or no first impulse has any anterior cause; and there is no true will, without liberty. Man is therefore free in his actions, and as such, is animated by an immaterial substance.

If man be active and free, he acts of himself: nothing, of course, which he does freely, enters into the system of Providence, or can, with justice, be imputed to it. The Supreme mind does not design to bring about the evil which is committed by man, through an abuse of the liberty which he gave him: but he does not prevent him from doing it, whether, because the wickedness which so feeble a being commits, is nothing in his eyes; or that he could not prevent it, without constraining his liberty, and doing a greater evil, by degrading his nature. He made him free, in order that he might not do what is evil, but what was good from choice. He has put it in his power to make this choice, by making a proper use of those faculties with which he has endowed him; but he has so far limited his strength that the abuse he makes of the liberty he has left him, cannot disturb the order of the universe.

The harm which man does, falls upon himself, without altering any thing in the system of the world; without preventing the human species from self-preservation, notwithstanding their possession of freedom. To murmur that God does not prevent

vent his doing wrong, is to murmur that he has made him by nature excellent, that he gave him the power of ennobling his actions, by the rectitude of his moral conduct.

The height of enjoyment is the being pleased and satisfied with ourselves: it is to merit this enjoyment, that we are placed on the earth, and endowed with liberty; that we are tempted by our passions, and restrained by our conscience. What more could the Divine Power itself do in our favour? Could it blend contradictions in our nature, and bestow the reward of virtue on those who could not deviate from it? What! was it necessary, in order to preserve man from wickedness, to confine him to instinct alone, and make him like an animal? No. O God of my soul, I shall never reproach thee, because thou hast made it after thy own image, in order that I might be free, good, and happy, like thee!

# The Nature of Man—Immateriality of the Soul.

WHEN I reflect on the nature of Man, I discover in it two distinct principles; one of which elevates him to the study of eternal truths, the love of justice, and morality; to the regions of the intellectual world, the contemplation of which is the delight of the philosopher; while the other brings him basely back to himself, subjects him to the empire of his senses, to the passions, which are the ministers of these, and undoes every thing which the first principle inspired. When I feel myself dragged along, and attacked by these two opposite inclinations, I say to myself, No! Man is not one; I will, and I will not; I feel myself at the same time a slave, and free; I perceive what is good, I love it, and I do what is evil: I am active when I listen to reason, passive when I am carried away by my passions; and my greatest torment, when I am overcome, is, to feel that I might have resisted.

If it is natural to man to prefer himself to every thing, and if, notwithstanding this, the first sentiment of justice is innate in the human heart, let him

who made man a ſimple being, remove theſe contradictions, and I will acknowledge that he has but one ſubſtance. By the word ſubſtance, I underſtand in general, a being endowed with ſome primitive quality, and an abſtract of all the particular or ſecondary qualities. Therefore, if all the primitive qualities which are known to us, can be united in the ſame being, we ought to admit only one ſubſtance; but if there are qualities which cannot co-exiſt, but mutually exclude each other, then there muſt be as many different ſubſtances as we can make ſuch excluſions.

It is ſufficient, notwithſtanding all that Locke ſays, to comprehend matter merely under the ideas of extenſion and diviſibility, to be certain that it cannot think; and when a philoſopher comes and tells me that the trees feel, and that the rocks think, it will be in vain for him to puzzle me with his ſubtle arguments; he will appear to me in no other light than that of a diſingenuous ſophiſt, who is more inclined to ſuppoſe that ſtones are poſſeſſed of feeling, than that a man is endowed with a ſoul.

Suppoſe a deaf man, who denies the exiſtence of ſounds, becauſe they have never ſtruck his ear: I place before him a ſtringed inſtrument, from which I draw a ſound in uniſon, by means of another inſtrument, which is concealed. The deaf man ſees

ſees the cords ſhake: I tell him, it is the ſound which is the cauſe of it. "Not at all," ſays he; "the cauſe of the ſhaking of the chord is in it-"ſelf; it is a quality common to all bodies to "ſhake thus."——'Shew me, then,' I reply, 'this ſhaking in all the other bodies; or at leaſt, 'the cauſe of it, in theſe chords?' "I cannot," replies the deaf man; "but becauſe I do not con-"ceive how this chord ſhakes, why muſt I go "and explain all this by your ſounds, of which "I have not the leaſt idea? It would be explain-"ing an obſcure fact, by a cauſe ſtill more ob-"ſcure. Either make me ſenſible of your ſounds, "or I ſhall continue to deny their exiſtence."— The more I reflect upon the thoughts, and the nature of the human mind, the more I think the arguments of the Materialiſts reſemble thoſe of the deaf man. They are deaf, indeed, to the interior voice which calls to them in a tone difficult to be miſtaken. A machine does not think, it is neither action nor figure which produces reflection. Something within thyſelf ſeeks to break theſe chains which compreſs them: unthinking ſubſtance is not commenſurable with ſpace. The whole univerſe is not big enough for thee! Thy feelings, thy deſires, thy uneaſineſs; even thy pride has another origin than this narrow body, in which thou feeleſt thyſelf confined.

If the ſoul is immaterial, it may ſurvive the body; and if it does ſurvive it, Providence is juſtified. If I had even no other proof of the immateriality of the ſoul, than the ſucceſs of the bad, and the oppreſſion of the good, in this world, that alone would prevent my doubting it. So ſhocking a diſcord in the univerſal harmony, would lead me to inquire into the cauſe of it.—I ſhould ſay, within myſelf, Every thing is not at an end with life; every thing returns into its proper order at our death. I ſhould, indeed, be a little puzzled, when I aſk myſelf, Where is man? when all that was perceptible of him is deſtroyed. The moment I have recognized two diſtinct ſubſtances, this is no longer a difficult queſtion.

It is quite plain, that during my corporal exiſtence, perceiving nothing, but by my ſenſes, every thing which is independent of them eſcapes me. When the union of the body and the ſoul is diſſolved, I conceive that the one may periſh, and the other continue to exiſt. Why ſhould the annihilation of the one cauſe the annihilation of the other? On the contrary, being of ſuch oppoſite natures, they were, from their union, in a ſtate of violence: when their union, therefore, is at an end, they return to their natural ſtate. The living and active ſubſtance regains

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all the ſtrength which it employs to animate the paſſive and dead ſubſtance. Alas! I feel it too much, by my vices. Man exiſts but half during his life, and the life of the ſoul begins only at the death of the body.

I can conceive how the body is worn out and deſtroyed, by the diviſion of its parts; but I cannot conceive ſuch a deſtruction of the ſoul: and not being able to conceive how it can die, I preſume that it does not die. Since this ſuppoſition is a conſolation to me, and has nothing unreaſonable in it, why ſhould I be afraid to indulge it?

I feel my ſoul; I know it by my feelings and thoughts; I know that it exiſts, without knowing what is its eſſence: I cannot argue upon ideas, which I am not acquainted with. What I know, is, that the identity of SELF, is only prolonged by memory; and, that to be the ſame in effect, I muſt remember that I have been. Therefore, I cannot recollect, after my death, what I have been during my life, without recollecting, at the ſame time, what I have felt, and conſequently what I have done; and I have no doubt, but this recollection makes one day or other the happineſs of the good, and the torment of the wicked.

Here, below, a thouſand ardent paſſions ſtifle conſcience, and prevent remorſe. The humili-

ations, and the diſgrace to which the exerciſe of virtue is expoſed, prevent us from feeling all its charms. But, when emancipated from the illuſions of the body, and the ſenſes, we ſhall enjoy the contemplation of the Supreme Being, and of the eternal truths of which he is the ſource; when the beauty of order ſhall ſtrike all the powers of our ſoul, and when we ſhall be ſolely occupied in comparing what we have done, with what we ought to have done: then the voice of conſcience will regain its power and empire; then the pure pleaſure which ariſes from ſelf-approbation, and the regret of having debaſed ourſelves, will diſtinguiſh, by inexhauſtible feelings, the lot which every one has prepared for himſelf.

The more I enter into myſelf, and examine my mind; the more I read theſe words written in the bottom of my heart; be juſt, and thou ſhalt be happy. But this, however, does not hold, if we have reſpect only to the preſent ſtate of things; the wicked proſper, and the juſt are oppreſſed. But ſee what indignation is kindled in us, when this deſign is fruſtrated! Conſcience riſes and murmurs againſt its author; and cries to him in ſighs, Thou haſt deceived me.——I have deceived thee, raſh being! And who told thee ſo? Is thy ſoul annihilated? Haſt thou ceaſed to exiſt? Oh, Brutus! Oh, my ſon! Do not ſtain thy noble exiſtence, in putting an end to it: do not leave thy hopes and thy glory

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with thy body in the fields of Philippi. You anſwer, why? Virtue is nothing, when you are going to enjoy the reward of thine? Doſt thou think thou art going to die? No, thou art going to live: and it is then that I ſhall fulfil all that I have promiſed thee.

# REASON.

ONE of the acquifitions of man, and even one of the floweft, is reafon. Man learns to fee with the eyes of the underftanding, as well as with the eyes of the body: but the firft apprenticefhip is much longer than the fecond; becaufe the relations of intellectual objects not being meafured by extenfion, are only found out by eftimation, and becaufe our firft wants, being phyfical, do not render the examination of thefe fame objects fo interefting to us. We muft learn to fee two objects at the fame time; we muft learn to compare them between themfelves; we muft learn to compare a great number of objects together, and trace by degrees their caufe, and difcover their effects: we muft have combined a number of relations, to acquire ideas of what is right, as well as of proportion, harmony, and order. A man who is deprived of the affiftance of his fellow-creatures, and inceffantly occupied in providing for his wants,

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is compelled to follow his own ideas in every thing; he makes a very ſlow progreſs on that ſide; he grows old, and dies, while his reaſon is yet in its infancy.

## The Underftanding of Man.

WE are acquainted, or we may be acquainted, with the firft point from which we all ftart to arrive at the common degree of underftanding; but who is it that is acquainted with the other extremity? Every one advances more or lefs, according to his genius, his tafte, his talents, his zeal, and the opportunities which he meets with of cultivating them. I believe, no philofopher has ever yet been bold enough to fay, Here is the limit to which man can arife, but which he cannot pafs. We are ignorant what our nature permits us to be; none of us have meafured the diftance which may be found, between one man and another.— Where is the mean foul which this idea has never warmed, and who does not fometimes fay, in the pride of his heart, How many I have already furpaffed! how many there are yet whom I can come up to! Why fhould my equal go farther than me?

## Greatnefs of Man.

MAN is the king of the earth which he inhabits; he not only fubdues all the animals, and difpofes the elements by his induftry, but he is the only being on earth that knows how to difpofe them; nay, by means of contemplation, he appropriates even the heavenly bodies, which he cannot approach.

Shew me another animal on the earth, who knows how to make ufe of fire, and admire the fun. What! I can obferve and know the creatures of the earth, and their relations; I can feel and know what is order, beauty, and virtue: I can contemplate the univerfe; elevate myfelf to the hand which governs it; I can love virtue, and practife it, and I compare myfelf to an animal!— Mean foul! it is gloomy philofophy, which renders you like itfelf! Or rather, you endeavour in vain to debafe yourfelf. Your genius gives teftimony againft your principles; your beneficent heart contradicts your doctrine; and even the abufe of your faculties, proves their excellence, in fpite of yourfelf.

## Weaknefs of Man.

WHAT is meant, by faying man is weak? The word weaknefs indicates a relation; a relation to the being to which we apply it. The creature whofe ftrength furpaffes its wants, were it even an infect, or a worm, is a ftrong creature: that being, whofe wants furpafs its ftrength, were it an elephant, a lion; were he a conqueror, or a hero; or were he even a god, is a weak being. The rebel angel, who miftook his nature, was weaker than the happy mortal who lives in peace, according to his.

Man is very ftrong, when he is fatisfied with being what he is; he is very weak, when he endeavours to raife himfelf above human nature. Do not therefore fuppofe, that by extending your faculties, you will increafe your ftrength; you will diminifh it, on the contrary, if your pride extends more than your ftrength. Let us meafure the radius of our fphere, and let us remain in the middle,

middle, like the insect in the middle of his web: we shall thus always be sufficient for ourselves, and shall not have to complain of our weakness; for we shall never feel it.

# HUMAN WISDOM.

THE great fault of human wiſdom, even of that which has only virtue for its object, is an exceſs of confidence, which makes us judge of the future by the preſent, and by one moment of our whole lives. We feel ourſelves ſtrong one moment, and we think we never can be ſhaken. Full of a pride, which experience daily confounds, we think we have nothing more to fear, when we have eſcaped one ſnare. The modeſt language of courage is, I am brave ſome days; but he who ſays, I am brave, knows not what he will be to-morrow; and ſuppoſing the courage to be his own, which he has not given himſelf, he deſerves to loſe it, at the moment he wants it.

How ridiculous muſt all our projects be; how raſh all our arguments, before the Being, to whom ages have no ſucceſſion, nor places any diſtance! We look upon what is far from us, as nothing: when we ſhall have changed places, our opinions will be quite oppoſite, and will not be better founded. We regulate the future, by what is good and agreeable to us to-day, without knowing whether it will be ſo to-morrow; we judge of ourſelves, as

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if we were always the ſame, and we change every day. Who knows whether we ſhall love to-morrow what we love to-day; if we ſhall chooſe what we have chooſed; if we ſhall be the ſame as we were; if new objects, and the alterations of our bodies, will not have differently modified our ſouls; and if we ſhall not find miſery in that which we had prepared for our happineſs? Shew me the rule of human wiſdom, and I will take it as a guide. But if the beſt leſſon is to learn to miſtruſt it, let us have recourſe to that which does not deceive, and let us do what it inſpires.

# UNCIVILIZED MAN.

THE desires of the uncivilized man do not extend farther than physical wants: the only blessings he knows any thing of in the world, are food, a female, and repose; and the only evil he fears, is pain, not death; for an animal will never know what it is to die: and the knowledge of death, and its terrors, is one of the first acquisitions which men made, when they quitted the animal condition.

Alone, idle, and always in danger, the uncivilized man must love sleep, and his sleep must be light like the animals, who, thinking but little, sleep in a manner all the time they do not think. His own preservation being almost his only care, the faculties which he exercises most, must be those whose principal object is attack and defence, either to attain his prey, or to prevent its becoming that of another animal: these organs, on the contrary, which are improved only by effeminacy and sensuality, must remain in a state of rudeness, which must exclude in him all species of delicacy; and his senses being divided on this point, he will have the touch and the taste extremely rough and coarse, while his sight, hearing, and smell will be very nice. Such is the animal state in general, and it is also, according

ing to the report of travellers, that of the greateſt pait of ſavage people.

The body of the uncivilized man, being the only machine with which he is acquainted, he employs it for ſeveral purpoſes, of which, from want of exercife, ours are incapable; and it is our induſtry which takes from us the ſtrength and agility, which neceſſity obliges us to acquire. If he had a hatchet, would his hands break ſuch ſtrong branches? If he had a ſling, would he fling a ſtone with ſo much velocity with his hand? If he had a ladder, would he climb with ſo much agility on a tree? If he had a horſe, would he be ſo ſwift at the chace? Give the civilized man time to aſſemble all his machines round him, we need not doubt but he will eaſily outdo the uncivilized; but if you want to ſee a conteſt ſtill more unequal, place them naked and diſarmed before one another, and you will ſoon diſcover the advantage of having continually all our ſtrength at command; to be always prepared for every event, and to carry one's ſelf, ſo to ſpeak, whole and entire, about with one.

There are two ſorts of men, whoſe bodies are in continual exerciſe, and who certainly think as little the one as the other of cultivating their minds; namely, peaſants and ſavages. The firſt are ruſtic, clowniſh, and aukward; the ſecond diſtinguiſhed by acuteneſs of ſenſe, as well as ſubtilty of underſtanding. In general, there is nothing more ſtupid than

than a peaſant, and nothing more keen than a ſavage. From whence proceeds this difference? It is becauſe the firſt, having always done what he was commanded, or what he has ſeen his father do, or what he has been accuſtomed to do himſelf from his youth; never does any thing but by rote. Little better in his life than an automaton, and inceſſantly occupied with the ſame works, habit and obedience ſuperſede in him the place of reaſon.

It is quite different with the ſavage, who, being attached to no particular place, having no taſk ſet him, and obeying nobody, without any other law than his will, is forced to reaſon upon each action of his life. He takes no ſtep, without firſt conſidering the conſequences. Therefore, the more he exerciſes his body, the more his mind becomes enlightened: his ſtrength and his reaſon increaſe together, and mutually extend each other.

# CIVILIZED MAN.

THE tranſition from a ſtate of nature to a ſtate of civilization, has produced in man a very remarkable change, by ſubſtituting in his conduct juſtice to inſtinct, and giving to his actions the morality which they wanted before. It is then alone that the voice of duty, ſucceeding to phyſical impulſe, and right to appetite, man, who, till then, had only thought of himſelf, finds that he is obliged to act on other principles, and to conſult his reaſon, before he liſtens to his inclinations. Although he deprives himſelf in this ſtate of ſeveral advantages which he receives from nature, he gains ſo many great benefits; his faculties are exerciſed and developed, his ideas expanded, his ſentiments ennobled: his whole ſoul is elevated to ſuch a pitch, that if the abuſes he makes of this new condition, did not degrade him even below that which he has quitted, he ought inceſſantly to bleſs the happy moment which ſnatched him from it for ever, and which made of a ſtupid and limited animal, an intelligent being, and a man.

Where is the good man who owes nothing to his country? Be he who he will, he owes it what is moſt

moſt precious to man, the morality of his actions, and the love of virtue. Born in the middle of a wood, he would have lived more happy, and more free; but having no obſtacles to the gratification of his inclinations, he would have been good, without any merit; he would not have been virtuous: but now he knows how to be ſo, in ſpite of his paſſions. The appearance alone of order, teaches him to know and to love it. The public good, which only ſerves as a pretence to others, is to him a real motive; he learns to combat his inclinations, and to conquer them, and to ſacrifice his intereſt to the intereſt of the public. It is not true, that he derives no good from the laws; they inſpire him with courage to be juſt, even among the wicked. It is not true, that they have not made him free; for they have taught him to conquer himſelf.

He who lives in idleneſs upon what he has not gained himſelf, ſteals it; and a penſioner whom the State pays for doing nothing, does not differ much, in my opinion, from a highwayman, who lives at the expence of travellers. A man who lives in total retirement, and quite out of all ſociety, as he owes nothing to any body, has a right to live as he pleaſes; but, in ſociety, where he neceſſarily lives at the expence of others, he owes them in labours the price of his maintenance, this is true, without exception. To work, therefore, is, to the civilized

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man, an indifpenfable duty. Rich or poor, powerful or weak, every idle citizen is a cheat.

The man, or the citizen, of whatever rank, has no other riches to bring to fociety than himfelf; all other riches are there in fpite of him; and when a man is rich, he either does not enjoy his riches, or the public enjoys them likewife. In the firft cafe, he fteals from others that of which he deprives himfelf; and, in the fecond, he gives them nothing. Therefore, the focial debt refts on him undiminifhed and entire, fo long as he pays only with his money.

# Difference of the Civilized and the Uncivilized Man.

THE uncivilized, and the civilized man, differ ſo eſſentially in their hearts and inclinations, that what conſtitutes the ſupreme happineſs of one, would reduce the other to deſpair. The firſt breathes nothing but reſt and liberty; he only wants to live and remain idle, and even the undiſturbed ſerenity of the ſtoick, does not equal his great indifference for every other object. The citizen, on the contrary, always active, agitates and torments himſelf continually to find out the moſt laborious occupations: he works till death, to which he even expoſes himſelf, in order to acquire wherewithal to live; or, he renounces life to acquire immortality. He pays court to the great, whom he hates, and to the rich, whom he deſpiſes; he ſpares no pains to obtain the honour of ſerving them: he arrogantly boaſts of his own meanneſs, and their patronage; and, proud of his ſlavery, he ſpeaks with contempt of thoſe who have not the honour of ſharing it.—What a ſight for a Caribb *, would be the painful though envied toils of an European miniſter! How

* A native of the Caribbee Iſlands.

many

many dreadful deaths would not this indolent ſavage prefer, to the horror of ſuch a life, which often is not even ſoftened by the pleaſure of doing good?

The ſavage lives in himſelf: the civilized man, always out of himſelf, knows only how to live in the opinion of others; and it is, ſo to ſpeak, from their opinions that he draws the ſentiment of his exiſtence. Hence it is, that, always aſking others what we are, and never daring, on this head, to interrogate ourſelves, in the middle of ſo much philoſophy, humanity, politeneſs, and ſublime maxims, we poſſeſs only a frivolous and deceitful appearance; honour without virtue, reaſon without wiſdom, and pleaſure without happineſs.

The ſavage, when he has dined, is in peace with all the world, and the friend of his fellow-creatures. If any body ever diſputes his repaſt, he never comes to blows, without having firſt compared the difficulty of conquering, with that of finding ſome other food; and, as pride does not interfere in the combat, it is terminated by a few blows: the conqueror eats; the conquered goes and ſeeks ſome other food, and every thing is made up. But with the civilized man, there is a great deal more to be done: proviſion muſt be made for what is neceſſary, in the firſt place; and afterwards for ſuperfluities. Then follows the train of voluptuouſneſs, immenſe riches, ſubjects, and ſlaves: he has not a moment's reſt: but what is moſt ſingular, is, that the leſs our wants

are natural and preffing, the more our paffions increafe; and, what is worfe ftill, the power of fatisfying them; fo that after a long fucceffion of profperous events, after having fquandered a great deal of wealth, and diftreffed a great many men my hero finifhes, by grafping every thing, till he becomes the mafter of the whole univerfe. Such in miniature is the moral reprefentation, if not of human life, at leaft of the fecret wifhes of every civilized man.

## Men compared to Animals.

I PERCEIVE nothing in any animal, but an ingenuous machine, which nature has endowed with ſufficient ſenſe to wind itſelf up, and to preſerve itſelf, in a certain degree, from every thing which is likely to deſtroy or derange it. I perceive exactly the ſame thing in the human machine, with this difference, that, whereas nature alone does every thing in the operations of the animal, the man concurs with nature in quality of a free agent. The one chooſes or rejects, from inſtinct; the other, from an act of freedom. And this is the reaſon why no animal can deviate from the rule which is preſcribed it, even if this were to its advantage, and that man often deviates from it, to his own prejudice. From this conſtitution of nature, a pigeon would die with hunger near a diſh of meat, and a cat near a heap of fruit or grain, although one or the other might very well eat the food which they reject, if they had tried it: it is thus that diſſipated men give themſelves up to exceſſes, which cauſe fevers and death; becauſe the mind depraves the ſenſes, and that our will ſpeaks, even when nature is ſilent.

All

All animals have ideas, becaufe they have fenfes: they even combine thofe ideas, to a certain extent; and man differs from a mere animal only by the degrees of more or lefs. Some philofophers have even afferted, that there is often a greater difference between one man and another, than between fome men and fome animals: it is not, therefore, fo much the underftanding that caufes the fpecific difference between man and the animals, as the power of free agency. Nature commands all animals, and they obey. Man feels the fame impreffion, but he feels himfelf at liberty to acquiefce or refift; and it is, above all, in the confcioufnefs of this liberty, that the fpirituality of his foul is confpicuous; for the body explains, in fome degree, the mechanifm of the fenfes, and the formation of ideas; but in the power of willing, or rather of choofing, and in the fentiment of this power, we find nothing but really fpiritual actions, which cannot be in the leaft explained by the laws of mechanifm.

But, if the difficulties which attend all thefe queftions, were to leave any room for difpute, concerning this difference between men and animals, there is another very fpecific quality, which will not admit of controverfy; namely, the faculty of improving ourfelves; a faculty which, aided by circumftances, unfolds in fucceffion all the others, and refides among us, as much in the fpecies as in the individual; inftead of which, an animal is, at the end of

of a few months, all that it ever will be; and its ſpeçies, at the end of a thouſand years, the ſame as it was the firſt year.

Why is man alone liable to become weak? Is it not, that he thus falls back into his primitive ſtate; and that while the animal, which has acquired nothing, and has nothing to loſe, remains always under the government of his inſtinct, man, loſing again, through age or other accidents, all that, which from the perfectibility of his nature, he had acquired, is reduced to a lower condition than that of mere animals.

# W O M A N.

WOMAN was made to pleaſe man: if it be incumbent on man to pleaſe her in his turn, it is not by ſo direct a neceſſity; his merit is in his power; he pleaſes merely becauſe he is ſtrong.—This is not the law of love, I acknowledge; but it is that of nature, which is anterior to love itſelf.

The ſtrictneſs of the relative duties of the two ſexes, neither is, nor can be, the ſame. When the woman complains of the unjuſt inequality which man obſerves between them, ſhe is in the wrong: this inequality is not a human inſtitution; or at leaſt, it is not the effect of prejudice, but of reaſon: it is the duty of the one of the two to whom nature has committed the charge of children, to be accountable for them to the other. Undoubtedly, it is not permitted to any one to violate his faith; and every faithleſs huſband, who deprives his wife of the only recompence of the auſtere duties of her ſex, is an unjuſt and cruel man: but an unfaithful woman does worſe; ſhe diſſolves her family, and breaks all the ties of nature: by giving to a man children that are not his own, ſhe betrays the one and the other;

other; ſhe unites perfidy with infidelity. I can hardly perceive any diſorder, or crime, which does not originate from that. If there is a terrible ſituation in the world, it is that of an unfortunate father, who, without any confidence in his wife, is afraid of yielding to the ſofteſt emotions of his heart; who is doubtful, when he embraces his child, whether he is not embracing the child of another, the pledge of his diſhonour, and the raviſher of his own children's property! What is a family, in ſuch a caſe, but a ſociety of ſecret enemies, that a guilty woman arms one againſt the other, by forcing them to deceive and to love one another?

The ancients poſſeſſed, in general, a great reſpect for women; but they ſhewed this reſpect, by not expoſing them to the obſervation of the public, and they thought it honouring their modeſty, to be ſilent concerning their other virtues. They held it as a maxim, that the country in which the morals were the moſt pure, was that where the women were the leaſt talked of; and that the moſt virtuous woman was ſhe who was leaſt the ſubject of converſation.

It was upon this principle, that a Spartan, hearing a ſtranger launch out into great encomiums on a lady of his acquaintance, interrupted him in a paſſion—"Will you never ceaſe," ſaid he, "to calumniate a virtuous woman?" It was for this reaſon, likewiſe, that, in their love ſcenes, or re-

presentations of girls going to be married, they never described any thing but bad women or slaves. They had such an idea of the modesty of the sex, that they would have thought themselves wanting in the respect they owed it, even to represent a virtuous girl on the stage. In short, the image of vice unmasked, shocked them less than that of offended modesty.

Among us, on the contrary, the most esteemed women are those who make the most noise in the world; who are the most talked of; who are the most seen in public; who give the greatest entertainments; who most imperiously set the fashion; who judge, decide, pronounce, and assign to talents, merit, and virtue, their degrees, and places; and who are most abjectly courted by literary men. It is still worse on the theatre. In real life, they know nothing at the bottom, although they judge of every thing; but, on the theatre, instructed in the knowledge of men, in the character of philosophers, thanks to authors, they demolish our sex with their own weapons; and the silly spectators go simply to learn from women, the very maxims which they had taken care to teach them. This is, in fact, making game of them; it is taxing them with a puerile vanity; and I make no doubt, but the wisest of them are exasperated at it. Run over the greatest number of modern theatrical productions, it is always a woman who knows every thing, who teaches the

men every thing: it is always a lady of the court that teaches his catechism to little John de Saintré. A child cannot eat its bread, if it is not cut for him by his nurse. This is just what is represented in modern plays. The nurse is on the theatre, and the children are in the pit.

The first and most important quality in a woman, is gentleness: formed to obey a being so imperfect as man, often so full of vices, and always so full of faults, she ought to learn early to bear even injuries, and to support the wrongs of a husband, without murmuring. It is not for his sake, but her own, that she ought to be gentle: ill humour and obstinacy in women, only augment their misfortunes, and the ill treatment of their husbands: they feel that it is not with those arms that they are to be conquered. Heaven did not make women insinuating and persuasive, to become peevish; it did not make them weak, to be imperious; it did not endow them with so soft a voice, to make use of abuse; it did not form their features in so delicate a mould, to be deformed by passion. When they are angry, they forget themselves; they have often cause to complain, but they are always in the wrong to scold. Every person ought to preserve the manners of their sex: a too indulgent or mild husband, may make a woman impertinent; but unless a man is a monster, the gentleness of a woman

muſt reclaim, and get the better of him, ſooner or later.

Woman labours under every diſadvantage; our faults, her own timidity and weakneſs: ſhe has nothing in her favour, but her art and her beauty.—Is it not right, that ſhe ſhould cultivate both the one and the other? But beauty is not either general or permanent; it is deſtroyed by a thouſand accidents; it fades with our years, and, when it grows familiar, loſes its power.

Good ſenſe is the only reſource of the ſex; not that fooliſh ſenſe on which there is ſo great a price ſet in the world, and which does not contribute in the leaſt to make life happy; but ſenſe ſuited to our ſituation, and the art of turning it to advantage, and of making uſe of whatever advantages we poſſeſs.

Women's tongues are flexible; they talk quicker, with more eaſe, and more agreeably, than men; they are likewiſe accuſed of talking more than men: this ſhould be ſo; and I would willingly change this reproach into an encomium: their mouth and eyes have the ſame activity, and for the ſame reaſon.—Men ſpeak on ſubjects that they know, women on ſubjects that pleaſe; the one finds knowledge neceſſary for diſcourſe, the other, taſte: the one ought to make what is uſeful his principal object, the other what is agreeable. Their diſcourſe ſhould have nothing common to both, beſides a regard to truth.

Women

Women are not made to run; when they flee it is to be overtaken. Running is not the only thing that they do aukwardly; but it is the only one thing that they do with an ill grace; their elbows behind, and ſtuck faſt to their bodies, place them in a laughable attitude; and the high heels upon which they are perched, make them look like ſo many graſshoppers, attempting to run without jumping.

The taſte of women ſhould be conſulted in phyſical matters, and in things which depend on the judgment of the ſenſes; that of men, on moral things, and which depend on the underſtanding.—Women will be what they ought, when they confine themſelves to things within their own province, and they will always judge wiſely; but ever ſince they have eſtabliſhed themſelves the arbiters of literature, ſince they have begun to criticiſe books, and to write them, they know not how to do any thing. Thoſe authors who conſult learned women, are certain of being always ill adviſed, thoſe ſparks who conſult them on their attire, are always ill dreſſed.

The reſearch of abſtracted and ſpeculative truths, of principles and axioms in ſciences, and every thing which tends to generalize and extend our ideas, is not the province of women: their ſtudies ſhould all be confined to practice; it belongs to them to apply the principles which men diſcover, and to make obſervations which may induce men to eſtabliſh theſe principles. All the reflections of women, on

every ſubject that is not immediately connected with their duty, ought to tend to the ſtudy of men, or to elegant knowledge, which has taſte for its principal object: for, as to works of genius, they are beyond their reach; neither are they endowed with ſufficient accuracy of judgment or attention, to ſucceed in pure ſcience; and as to natural philoſophy, it belongs to the moſt active of the two; the one who ſees the greateſt number of objects, who has the moſt ſtrength, and who exerts it moſt, in judging of the relations of ſenſible objects, and of the laws of nature. Woman, who is weak, and who perceives nothing external, that ſhe can make the inſtrument of her will, conſiders the ſprings that ſhe may ſet in motion, in order to ſupply her weakneſs, and theſe ſprings are the paſſions of men. Their mechaniſm is ſtronger than ours; all their leavers ſhake the human heart. Every thing that their ſex cannot effect of itſelf, and that is neceſſary or agreeable to them, they muſt have the art of rendering objects of deſire to us; they muſt therefore ſtudy the minds of men to the bottom, not, in an abſtracted manner, the mind and diſpoſition of man in general, but the minds of thoſe men who ſurround her; the minds of thoſe men to whom ſhe is in ſubjection, whether by law or opinion. She muſt learn to penetrate their ſentiments by their diſcourſe, by their actions, and by their looks. She muſt be able, from their diſcourſes,

their

their actions, their looks, to instil into them whatever sentiments she pleases, without even appearing to think of it. They will philosophize better than her on the human heart; but she will read better than them into the hearts of individual men. It belongs to women to discover, so to speak, experimental morality, and to men, to reduce it into system. Women have a frivolous, men a more solid understanding: women observe, men reason. From this combination, results the most refined knowledge, and the completest science, which the human understanding is capable of acquiring. In a word, the most perfect knowledge of ourselves and others, which is within the reach of our species.

The world is the book of women: when they do not read it properly, it is their own fault, or they are blinded by some passion.

The understanding of women is a practical understanding, which makes them very easily devise the means of arriving at the end of any thing that is known, but which does not enable them to discover that end.

The judgment of women is sooner formed than that of men. Being almost always on the defensive from their infancy, and entrusted with a treasure very difficult to preserve, they are necessarily sooner acquainted with good and evil.

If the understanding of a woman is in general weaker and less durable than that of a man, it ar-

rives neverthelefs fooner at maturity, as a weak fun-flower grows and dies before an oak.

Prefence of mind, penetration, and acute obfervation, is the fcience of women; and the fkill of turning thefe to advantage is their art or talent.

We are told, that women are deceitful: they become fo; they are endowed by nature with addrefs, not deceit. In the real inclinations of their fex, even in telling lies, they are not falfe. Why do you confult their mouth, when it is not that which ought to fpeak? Confult their eyes, their complexion, their faint refiftance: this is the language which nature gives them to anfwer you. The tongue always fays No, and ought to do fo; but it is not always pronounced with the fame emphafis, and this emphafis never deceives.

The education of women ought always to have refpect to the duties which they are to fulfil towards men. They fhould be taught from their infancy to pleafe men; to be ufeful, and to make themfelves beloved and honoured by them; to bring them up from their youth; to take care of them, when grown up; to advife, to confole them, and to render their life agreeable and pleafant: thefe are the duties of women at all times.

The afcendancy which women poffefs over men, is not an evil in itfelf; it is a gift they have received from nature, for the happinefs of human kind; were it better directed, it might be productive of

as much good as it is of evil. We do not feel ſufficiently the advantages that would accrue to ſociety, from a better education being given to this half of the human ſpecies, which governs the other. Men will always be juſt what women pleaſe: if you would have them, therefore, become great and virtuous, teach women what is greatneſs of ſoul, and what virtue.

The empire which women poſſeſs over men, is not the choice of men; it has its origin in the ordinance of nature; they poſſeſſed it, before it was known that they did ſo. The ſame Hercules who thought he could raviſh the fifty daughters of Theſpitius, was nevertheleſs conſtrained to ſpin by the ſide of Omphale; and the ſtrong Sampſon was not ſo ſtrong as Dalilah. This empire belongs to women, and cannot be taken from them, even when they abuſe it; if it were poſſible that they ſhould ever loſe it, they would have loſt it long ago.

It is certain, that it is only in the power of a woman to reſtore the reign of probity and honour: but they diſdain to receive from the hands of virtue, an empire that they chooſe to owe only to their charms.

What great actions would be performed, from the deſire of being eſteemed by the women, if we knew how to put this ſtimulant in practice! Woe to the age, in which women loſe their aſcendancy, and in which their opinion has no longer any weight

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with men! This is the laſt ſtage of depravity. All civilized nations have reſpected the women.—In proof of this, behold Sparta! behold Germany and Rome: Rome, the ſeat of glory and virtue, if ever it had a place on earth! It is there that women honoured the exploits of great generals; that they publicly wept over the fathers of their country; and that their vows and their mourning were conſecrated as the moſt ſolemn judgment of the republic. All the great revolutions that happened in Rome, were cauſed by women: through a woman, ſhe acquired liberty; through a woman, the plebeians acquired the Conſulſhip; through a woman, there was an end put to the tyranny of the Decemvirs: through a woman, Rome, when on the brink of deſtruction, was ſaved from the hand of an enraged outlaw. Ye gallant Frenchmen! what would ye have ſaid, had you beheld that proceſſion, ſo ridiculous in the eyes of you men of raillery? You woud have purſued it with your hiſſes. With what different eyes we behold the ſame object! and perhaps we are all in the right. Form a train of fine French ladies, I know of none more indecent; but compoſe it of Roman ladies, and we ſhall all have the eyes of the Volſci, and the heart of Coriolanus.

Oh, women! dear and fatal objects, whom nature has made ſo beautiful for our deſtruction; who puniſh us when we brave you; who purſue when we flee; whoſe hatred and love is equally prejudicial,

cial, whom we can neither ſeek nor avoid with impunity! Beauty, charm, allurement, thou being or inconceivable chimera, abyſs of pain and voluptuouſneſs! Beauty, more fatal to mortals than the element from which thou art ſaid to be riſen, miſerable is he who yields to thy deceitful calm! It is thou who produceſt the tempeſts which torment mankind,

# GIRLS.

GIRLS ſhould be vigilant and induſtrious: this is not all; they ſhould be early accuſtomed to reſtraint. This misfortune, if it be one to them, is inſeparable from their ſex, and they are never freed from it, but to ſuffer ſome other hardſhip more cruel. They muſt be ſubject all their lives to a ſevere and continual reſtraint, which is that of decorum: they muſt be early inured to reſtraint, that, by its becoming familiar, they may not feel it; and to ſubdue all their inclinations, in order to ſubmit them to the will of others.

A little girl, who loves her mother or her nurſe, will work with pleaſure all day by her ſide; a little prattle alone will make her amends for all her conſtraint. But if ſhe has an averſion to the perſon who governs her, ſhe will have the ſame averſion for every thing ſhe does. It will be a very difficult matter for thoſe who are not happier in their mother's company, than in that of any body elſe in the world, one day or other to turn out well: but in order to judge of their real ſentiments, we muſt ſtudy them, and not truſt to what they ſay; for they

they are flattering and deceitful, and are early acquainted with the art of difguifing themfelves.

The firft thing which young people remark, as they grow up, is, that all the charms of drefs are of no avail, if they do not poffefs fome of their own. We can never give ourfelves beauty; and we are not very early in a fituation of acquiring coquetry: but we may early endeavour to give an agreeable expreffion to our motions, and an agreeable tone to our voices; to form our carriage; to walk with agility; to acquire elegant attitudes; and always to ftudy what may be an advantage.—The voice extends, grows fteady, and acquires a fullnefs of found; the arms are expanded; the gait becomes fteady; and they perceive, that in whatever manner they are dreffed, there is an art of making themfelves looked at. From this time, they are not wholly taken up with needles and induftry: new talents prefent themfelves, and imprefs the mind with a fenfe of their advantage.

In France, girls live in convents, and women run about the world. Among the ancients, it was quite contrary; girls had a great many diverfions and public amufements, while women lived in retirement. This cuftom was more reafonable, and was a better prefervative of good morals. A little coquetry is allowable in girls who are to be married; to amufe themfelves, is their chief bufinefs. Women have fomething elfe to do at home, and

have no longer hufbands to feek; but they would not find their account in this reformation, and, unhappily, they lead the fafhion.

It is unworthy of a man of honour to abufe the innocence of a young girl, in order to ufe in fecret the fame liberties which fhe might permit in public; for we know what decorum can tolerate in public: but we are ignorant where the perfon who makes himfelf the only judge of his frolicks, may ftop in the fhade of concealment.

If you wifh to infpire young people with the love of morality, without continually faying to them, Be virtuous, make them find an intereft in being fo; make them feel the full value of virtue, and you will make them love it. It is not fufficient to make them take this intereft in future; fhew it them in the prefent moment, in every thing that bears any relation to their age, in the characters of their lovers. Paint to them the man of worth, and the man of merit; teach them to know him, to love him, and to love him for themfelves; prove to them, that, as a friend, a wife, or miftrefs, fuch a man alone can make them happy. Make them virtuous from reafon; make them feel, that the empire of their fex, with all its advantages, depends not only on their own good conduct, and good morals, but likewife on that of men; that they have little power over mean and depraved fouls, who will ferve their miftrefs in the fame man-

mer as they ſerve virtue. Be aſſured, that by deſcribing the manners of the preſent age, you will inſpire them with a ſincere contempt of them; by ſhewing them people of faſhion, you will make them deſpiſe them; you will fill them with diſguſt at their maxims, averſion at their ſentiments, and contempt for their vain gallantries: you will inſpire them with a nobler ambition, that of reigning over great and magnanimous hearts; with the ambition of the Spartan women, which was, to command men.

Women inceſſantly cry, that we bring them up to nothing but vanity and coquetry; that we inceſſantly amuſe them with childiſh things, in order to remain more eaſily their maſters: they reproach us with being the cauſe of thoſe faults with which we tax them. What an abſurdity this is! How long have men interfered with the education of girls? Who prevents their mothers from bringing them up as they think proper? They have no colleges; what a misfortune! Ah! would to God there were none for boys! They would be more judiciouſly and more virtuouſly educated! Do we oblige your daughters to loſe their time in folly and nonſenſe? Do we make them, againſt their inclination, after your example, paſs their time at their toilet? Do we prevent you from inſtructing them, or having them inſtructed as you pleaſe? Is it our fault, if they pleaſe us when they are handſome;

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if their affectation captivates us; if the art they learn from you attracts and flatters us; if we love to see them dressed with taste; if we suffer them to sharpen at leisure the weapons with which they subdue us? Bring them up like men; they will consent to this with all their hearts; the more they will want to be like them, the less will they govern them; and it is then that they will be truly the masters.

By depriving women of the amusements of singing and dancing, and all other pleasures, we make them inelegant and aukward, scolds, and very disagreeable to live with. For my part, I should wish a young Englishwoman to cultivate every agreeable accomplishment to please her husband, with as much assiduity as a young Albanese cultivates them for the seraglio at Ispahan. It is said, that husbands are not very anxious that their wives should possess those talents: I readily believe it; when these talents, far from being employed to please them, serve only as a bait to draw to their houses a set of dissipated young men, to dishonour them. But do you think, that a discreet and amiable woman, adorned with these talents, and who was to employ them for the amusement of her husband, would not contribute to the happiness of his life, and prevent him, when he left his study, quite fatigued and spent, from going to seek amusement from home? Has nobody ever seen any happy families thus unit-

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ed, where every member of it contributed ſomething towards the amuſement of the whole? Let them ſay, whether the confidence and familiarity which reigns in ſuch a ſociety, if the innocence and the mild pleaſures which are taſted in it, do not amply repay the loſs of the moſt brilliant and noiſy public amuſements.

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# CONJUGAL SOCIETY.

THE ſocial relation of the ſexes is admirable. From this ſociety reſults a moral being, of which the woman is the eye, and the man the arm, but with ſuch a dependance on one another, that it is from the man that the woman learns what ſhe muſt ſee; and from the woman that the man learns what he muſt do. If the woman was as capable as the man of tracing cauſes, and the man poſſeſſed as well as her the talent of entering into minute details, always independent of each other, they would live in continual diſcord, and their ſociety would not ſubſiſt. But in the harmony which reigns between them, every thing tends to the common end, and none of them knows which contributes the moſt; each follows the impulſe of the other; they both obey, and they are both maſters.

The empire of a woman, is an empire of mildneſs, addreſs, and complaiſance; her orders are careſſes, her menaces tears. She ought to reign in her houſe like a Miniſter of State, by making herſelf commanded to do what ſhe wiſhes. In this reſpect, it is certain that the beſt conducted families are thoſe where the woman is poſſeſſed of the moſt authority.

authority. But, when ſhe does not liſten to the voice of her lord and maſter; when ſhe uſurps the right of commanding herſelf, there never reſults any thing from this diſorder, but miſery, ſcandal, and diſhonour.

I am acquainted with only two claſſes in each ſex that are really and eſſentially diſtinguiſhed from one another; one of people who reflect; the other of people who do not reflect; and this difference proceeds almoſt ſolely from education. A man of the firſt of theſe claſſes ought never to form an alliance with a woman of the laſt: for he loſes the greateſt charm of ſociety, when his wife can bear no part in his reflections. Thoſe people who paſs their whole life in working for their maintenance, have no other ideas than thoſe of their labour, or intereſt, and all their ſenſe ſeems to lie in their fingers ends. This ignorance is neither hurtful to probity nor morals; it is often conducive to both.

We are often, by means of reflection, led to compound with our duty, and we conclude, by ſubſtituting a jargon of words in the room of things. Conſcience is the moſt enlightened of all philoſophers: there is no need to ſtudy Cicero's book of offices to be a juſt man; and perhaps the moſt virtuous of all women, is the moſt ignorant of the definition of virtue. But, it is not leſs true, that a cultivated mind alone renders the intercourſe

tercourse of man and wife agreeable; and it is a melancholy thing for a father of a family, who loves his home, to be obliged to live in it by himself, and to find nobody who can understand him.

Besides, how will a woman, who is not in the habit of reflecting, bring up her children? How will she discern what is right? How will she instil into them those virtues with which she is unacquainted, or of the merit of which she has no idea? She will only know how to flatter, or menace them, and make them either insolent, or cowardly: she will either make them affected monkies, or thoughtless blockheads; never sensible or amiable children.

It is not right, therefore, for a man of education, to marry a woman of no education, and consequently one of a rank, in which it is impossible that a woman of education should be found.

But I should prefer a thousand times a simple and unpolished girl, to a learned and witty lady, who would come and establish in my house a literary tribunal, of which she would make herself the president. A learned wife is the scourge of her husband, her children, her friends, her servants, and of all the world. The sublime elevation of her great genius, makes her disdain all the duties of a woman, and she begins always by making herself, like Mademoiselle de L'Enclos, a man.

Abroad, they are always ridiculous, and very justly criticised, because people cannot fail of being so, the moment they quit their own sphere, and without being qualified for that which they want to assume. There is none of those women of great genius that ever impose on any body but fools. We always know who is the artist, or the friend, that guides the pencil or the pen, when they work.—We know who is the discreet man of letters, who dictates to them in secret their oracles. All this deceit is unworthy a good woman: if she even possessed any real talents, her assuming merit would degrade them. Her dignity consists in being unknown; her greatest glory lies in the esteem of her husband; her pleasures should all be centered in the happiness of her family.

Great beauty appears to me more to be avoided than sought for in marriage. Beauty soon palls by possession; at the end of six weeks, it is of no value to the possessors; but its dangers last as long as itself. Unless a beautiful woman is an angel, her husband is the most miserable of all men; and if she were an angel, would it prevent her from being continually surrounded with enemies? If extreme ugliness were not disgusting I should prefer it to extreme beauty; for, in a little time, either growing indifferent to the husband, beauty becomes an inconvenience, and ugliness an advantage: but that species of ugliness which produces distaste, is the

greateſt of all misfortunes: this ſentiment, far from wearing off, continually increaſes, and turns to hatred. Such a marriage is hell; it would be far better to be dead, than thus united.

A medium is deſirable in every thing, beauty not excepted. An agreeable perſon, that prepoſſeſſes us in its favour, which does not inſpire love, but eſteem, is what we ought to prefer; it does not prejudice the huſband, and it is of advantage to both. The graces do not fade like beauty; they have life, and are continually renewed; and, thirty years after marriage, a virtuous and elegant woman pleaſes her huſband as much as the firſt day.

Diſparity of fortune and rank, is obliterated and confounded in marriage, and contributes nothing to happineſs; but temper and diſpoſition remain, and it is through them that we are either happy or unhappy. The child who has no rule but love, chooſes ill; the father who has no rule but opinion, chooſes ſtill worſe.

Can we live when married, as if ſingle? Do not both equally partake of whatever bleſſings, or misfortunes happens to them; and do not the vexations they inflict on each other, always fall upon the party who cauſes them?

The receipt againſt indifference, after marriage, is ſimple and eaſy; it is only to continue to be lovers when huſband and wife. The knot which we endeavour to tie too cloſe, breaks; this is what

happens

happens to that of marriage, when we want to give it more ſtrength than it ought to have.

The fidelity which it requires of both, is the moſt ſacred of all rights; but the power it gives to each over the other, is ſuperfluous. Conſtraint and love agree ill together, and pleaſure is not to be commanded. It is not ſo much poſſeſſion which cloys, as ſubjection. If you wiſh to be always the lover of your wife, let her be always your miſtreſs and her own. Be a happy but a reſpectful lover; obtain every thing from love, without requiring any thing from duty; and let the ſmalleſt favours be conſidered not as right, but as indulgence: remember always, that even in marriage, pleaſure is only legitimate when deſire is mutual.

Love is not always neceſſary to make a happy marriage. Honour, virtue, and a certain ſuitableneſs, not ſo much of rank and age, as of diſpoſition and temper, is ſufficient between man and wife. This does not prevent a very tender attachment reſulting from this union, which, although it may not be ſtiled real love, is not leſs agreeable, and is more durable. Love is accompanied with a continual uneaſineſs of jealouſy or privation, ill ſuited to marriage, which is a ſtate of enjoyment and peace. People do not marry to think ſolely of one another, but to fulfil, conjointly, the duties of ſociety; to govern their houſe with prudence, and to bring up their children properly. Lovers never



ſee

see any body but themfelves; they are inceffantly occupied with one another; and the only thing they know how to do, is to love one another. This is not fufficient for man and wife, who have fo many other duties to fulfil.

Is there in the world a more affecting or refpectable fight, than that of a mother of a family, furrounded by her children, regulating her domeftic affairs, procuring to her hufband a happy life, and governing her houfe with difcretion? It is there that fhe fhews herfelf in all the dignity of a virtuous woman; it is there that fhe really infpires refpect, and that beauty honourably fhares the hommage paid to virtue. A houfe, when the miftrefs of it is out, is a body without a foul, which foon falls into corruption: a woman, out of her houfe, lofes her greateft luftre, and when ftript of her real ornaments, fhe fhews herfelf with indecency.

It is not only the intereft of hufbands, but the common intereft of all men, that the purity of marriage fhould be preferved inviolate. Every time that two lovers are united by folemn vows, a tacit engagement takes place among all men, to refpect this facred tie, to honour in them the conjugal faith; and this appears to me a very ftrong reafon againft clandeftine marriages, which, bearing no marks of this union, expofe innocent hearts to the danger of feeling an adulterous flame. The public are in fome meafure anfwerable for an agree-

ment

ment made in their presence, and we may say that the honour of a virtuous woman is under the special protection of all good people. Therefore, whoever dares to corrupt her, sins first of all, because he makes her sin, and because one always shares in the crimes of which he is the cause: he sins likewise directly himself, because he violates the public and sacred faith of marriage, without which, nothing can subsist in the legitimate order of human affairs.

A virtuous woman should not only merit the love of her husband, but obtain it: if he blames her, she is blameable; and were she innocent, she is culpable the moment she is suspected; for even appearance is among the number of her duties.

Why should women live retired and separated from men? Shall we be so ungenerous towards the sex, as to suppose that it is from motives drawn from their weakness, and to avoid the danger of temptations? No, these unworthy fears do not belong to a virtuous woman, and a mother of a family, continually surrounded with objects which nourish in her sentiments of honour, and engaged in the most respectable duties of nature. What separates them from men, is nature itself, which prescribes to them different occupations; it is that amiable and timid modesty which, without really thinking of chastity, is the surest guardian of it; it is that attentive and seducing reserve, which

creates at once, in the hearts of men, both desire and respect, and serves, so to speak, at once for coquetry and virtue. This is why husbands themselves are not exempt from this rule. This is the reason why the most modest women preserve in general the greatest ascendancy over their husbands, because when assisted by this wise and discreet reserve, equally distant from caprice and from refusals, they know how, even in the bosom of the tenderest union, to keep them at a proper distance, and prevent them from ever being cloyed with them.

Whatever precautions we may take, possession destroys pleasures, and love sooner than any of another kind. But, when love has lasted a great while, a pleasing habit fills up the void, and the pleasures of mutual confidence succeed to the transports of passion. Children form between those who have given them their existence, an union not less agreeable, and often much stronger than that of love.

From several reasons drawn from the nature of the thing, the father ought to command in his family. First of all, authority should not be equal between the father and mother. No; it is necessary that the government should be one, and that amidst different opinions, there should be one preponderating voice, that may decide. However slight we may suppose the infirmities peculiar to

women, as they always cauſe an interval of inaction, this is a ſufficient reaſon to exclude them from this pre-eminence : for when the ſcale is exactly even, a ſtraw is ſufficient to turn it. And further, the huſband ought to inſpect the conduct of his wife, becauſe it is neceſſary for him to be certain that the children that he is obliged to acknowledge and to feed, do not belong to any body but him. The wife having nothing ſimilar to fear, has not the ſame right over the huſband. 3dly, The children ſhould obey the father, firſt, from neceſſity, and next from gratitude: after having all their wants ſupplied by him, during half their lives, they ought to ſacrifice the other to provide for his. 4thly, With regard to ſervants, they owe their ſervices in exchange for their maintenance, with this proviſo, that they may break the bargain, ſo ſoon as it ceaſes to ſuit them.

## Duty of Mothers.

THE duty incumbent on women of ſuckling their own children, is not to be doubted; but it is a matter of diſpute, whether in the contempt in which they hold it, it is the ſame for the child to be fed with their milk or with that of another? I take this queſtion, of which phyſicians are the judges, to be decided according to the wiſhes of the ladies; and, for my part, I ſhould certainly think, that it is better for a child to ſuck the milk of a healthy nurſe, than of an unhealthy mother, if there were any additional harm to be apprehended from the blood of which he is formed.

But ſhould the queſtion only be debated on the ſide of what regards his conſtitution; and has a child leſs need of the care of his mother, than of her breaſt? Other women, nay even mere animals, may ſupply it with the milk ſhe withholds; but maternal tenderneſs is not to be ſupplied. She who ſuckles the child of another, inſtead of her own, is a bad mother, How, therefore, can ſhe be a good nurſe? She may become ſo, but it will be ſlowly; habit muſt firſt of all change nature; and the child,

ill taken care of, may be an hundred times expofed to death, before his nurfe will feel for him the tendernefs of a mother.

From the advantage of having an infant fuckled by an healthful but ftrange nurfe, there will refult a difadvantage, which alone ought to prevent every woman of feeling from having the hardinefs to commit her child to another woman: I mean that of fharing the rights of a mother, or rather of fuperfeding it; to fee her child love another woman, as much and more than herfelf; to feel that the tendernefs it preferves towards her is a favour, and that the affection which it poffeffes for its adopted mother is a duty; for where I have found the cares of a mother, do I not owe the attachment of a fon?

The manner which people take to remedy this inconvenience, is, to infpire children with contempt for their nurfes, by treating them like mere fervants. When their fervice is at an end, the child is taken from them, or the nurfe is difcharged: by always receiving her ill, they difguft her from coming to fee her fofter-child. At the end of a few years, he never fees nor knows her. The mother, who expects to fubftitute herfelf in her place, and repair her negligence by cruelty, is miftaken. Inftead of making an affectionate fon of an unnatural fofter child, fhe exercifes him in ingratitude; fhe teaches him to defpife, one day or other, her who

gave him life, as he does her who fed him with her milk.

No mother, no child. The duties of both are reciprocal; and, if they are neglected on one fide, they will not be properly fulfilled on the other. A child ought to love its mother, before it knows that it ought. If the voice of nature and blood is not fortified by habit and tendernefs, it is extinguifhed in the firft years, and the heart dies, fo to fpeak, before it is well born. We are, from the firft ftep, out of nature.

Nature is alfo abandoned, though by an oppofite road, when, inftead of neglecting the duties of a mother, a woman carries them to extremes; when fhe makes an idol of her child; when fhe increafes and feeds its weaknefs, to prevent it from feeling it, and, hoping to withdraw him from the laws of nature, carefully endeavours to avert from him every painful incident, without reflecting how many future accidents and perils fhe accumulates on his head, for a few inconveniences, from which fhe preferves him for a moment! And how barbarous a precaution it is, to extend the weaknefs of childhood to the fatigues of mature years. Thetis, fo fays the fable, to render her fon invulnerable, plunged him into the Styx. This allegory is beautiful and clear. The cruel mothers, of whom I am fpeaking, act differently; by continually plunging their children in effeminacy, they prepare them

to ſuffer; they open their pores to all kind of evils, of which they will not fail to be the prey when they are grown up.

It is on the duty of mothers to ſuckle their children, that all moral order depends. If you want to bring every human creature in the different relations of life, to a juſt ſenſe, and to the practice of duty, begin with mothers: you will be ſurpriſed at the alteration which you will produce. Every thing ariſes ſucceſſively from this firſt corruption: all moral order is altered; nature is extinguiſhed in every heart; the interior of families, aſſumes a leſs lively appearance; the affecting ſight of a growing family no longer attaches huſbands, nor impoſes any reſpect on ſtrangers. The mother is leſs reſpected, whoſe children are not ſeen: there is no longer any reſidence in families; habit no longer ſtrengthens the ties of blood; there is no longer any fathers, or mothers, or children, or brothers, or ſiſters; they hardly know one another: how, then, ſhould they love one another? Each thinks only of himſelf. When home is nothing but a diſmal ſolitude, we muſt go and ſeek amuſement abroad.

But if mothers would only deign to ſuckle their children, manners would reform of themſelves; the feelings of nature would awaken in every heart; the State would again be peopled: this firſt point, this point alone would ſet all right. The pleaſures

of domeſtic life are the beſt antidote to bad morals. The noiſe of children, which is thought importunate, becomes agreeable; it renders the father and mother more neceſſary, and more dear to one another; it ſtrengthens the conjugal knot. When a family is lively and animated, domeſtic cares are the deareſt occupation of the wife, and the moſt agreeable amuſement of the huſband. Therefore, if this ſingle abuſe were corrected, there would ſoon reſult a general reformation; nature would ſoon re-aſſume all her rights. Let women once again become mothers, men will ſoon become fathers and huſbands.

## Duty of Fathers.

AS the mother is the natural nurſe of her child, ſo is the father the natural preceptor. Let them agree in the order of their functions, as well as in their ſyſtem: from the hands of one, let the child paſs into the hands of the other. He will be better educated, by a judicious father, though not of a very enlarged underſtanding, than by the moſt ſkilful maſter in the world: for zeal will ſupply the place of talents much better than talents will that of zeal.

A father, when he procreates and feeds children, only performs half his taſk. He owes men to his ſpecies; he owes ſociable men to ſociety; he owes citizens to the State. Every man who can pay this triple debt, and does not, is culpable; and more culpable, perhaps ſtill, when he pays it only by halves. He who cannot fulfil the duty of a father, has no right to become one. Neither poverty, nor labour, nor the reſpect of mankind, can free him from the obligation of feeding his children, and educating them himſelf. Readers, you may believe me; I foretel to whatever perſon has any feeling, and neglects ſuch ſacred duties,



that

that he will ſhed many bitter tears for his fault, but will never be conſoled.

But what is that rich man about, that father of a family, ſo full of buſineſs, that he is obliged, he ſays, to neglect his children? He pays another man, to fulfil thoſe cares which are to himſelf a burden.

Venal ſoul! doſt thou think thou canſt give, with all thy money, another father to thy ſon? Do not deceive thyſelf; it is not even a maſter that thou giveſt him, it is a valet.

A father, who felt the real worth of a good maſter, would come to the reſolution of doing without him; for he would have more trouble to find him, than to become ſo himſelf. Does he wiſh to make himſelf a friend? Let him bring up his ſon to be one? He will then be diſpenſed from ſeeking him elſewhere, and nature will have already gone half way towards it.

# EDUCATION.

WE are born feeble—we want ſtrength: we are born diveſted of every thing; we want underſtanding. Every thing which we do not poſſeſs at our birth, and which we ſtand in need of, when grown up, we receive from education.

This education is derived from nature, or men, or things. The unfolding of our internal faculties and organs, is the education of nature. The uſe we learn to make of theſe faculties, is the education of men; and the experience that we acquire of the objects which affect us, is the education of things.

We are, every one of us, therefore, formed by three maſters. The pupil in whom their different leſſons are at variance, is ill brought up, and will never be in harmony with himſelf: he in whom they all fall on the ſame points, and tend to the ſame ends, alone goes to his end, and goes right. He alone is well educated.

The education of moſt conſequence, is that which is received in infancy: and this firſt education belongs inconteſtibly to the women. If the author of nature had intended that it ſhould belong to men, he would have given them milk to ſuckle their children.

dren. Always addrefs women in preference to men, therefore, in your treatifes on education; for, befides that they have an opportunity of looking more narrowly into it than men, and that they have a greater influence, the fuccefs of it interefts them much more, fince almoft all widows are left to the mercy of their children, and that they then make them fmartly feel the good or bad effects of the principles they have inftilled into them. The laws, always fo much taken up with fortunes, and fo little with perfons, becaufe their only object is peace, not virtue, do not inveft mothers with fufficient authority. Notwithftanding this, their fituation is more ftable than that of fathers; their duties are more laborious; their cares contribute more to the good order of their family; and they have in general more attachment for their children.— There are fome cafes, in which, if a fon fhould be wanting in refpect to his father, he might in fome meafure be excufable; but if, on any occafion whatever, a child fhould be unnatural enough to forget his duty towards his mother, to her who carried him in her womb, who fed him with her milk; who, for years, forgot herfelf to think on him alone; we fhould haften to ftifle this wretch, as a monfter unworthy of feeing the light.

He who knows beft how to fupport the bleffings and the calamities of this life, is the beft educated: from whence it follows, that true education

cation consists less in precepts, than in practice.

If men grew to the soil of a country; if the same season lasted all the year; if the fortune of every individual was so disposed, as never to change, the present system of education would, in certain respects, be good. The child educated in his own station, and never quitting it, could not be exposed to the inconveniences of another.

But, considering the mutability of human affairs; considering the restless and uneasy spirit of the present century, which oversets every thing in the course of a single generation, can we conceive a more ridiculous method of educating a child, than as if he was never to go out of his room, as if he was never to be surrounded with any other than his own people? If this unhappy being takes one step on the earth, if he descends one degree, he is lost. This is not teaching him to support pain, it is making him more sensible of it.

Always remember, that the spirit of a good institution is, not to teach children a great number of things, but never to suffer them to adopt any other than just and clear ideas.

The most essential part of the education of a child, but which is never thought of even in the best and most careful educations, is, to make him feel fully his weakness, his wretchedness, his dependence, the heavy yoke of necessity which na-

ture impoſes on man; and this, not only that he may be ſenſible of what is done to lighten that yoke, but, chiefly, that he may early be acquainted with the ſituation in which Providence has placed him; that he may not elevate himſelf above his ſtrength, and that nothing human may appear ſtrange to him.

Conſign the education of man to man, and not to what does not belong to him. Do you not perceive, that by endeavouring to form him excluſively for one ſituation, you render him totally uſeleſs for any other; and if it pleaſes fortune, you have only laboured to make him miſerable.

Throw all the leſſons of young people into action, rather than into diſcourſe. Let them learn nothing from books, which experience might teach them.

The pedant and the preceptor ſay nearly the ſame things: but the firſt ſays them on all occaſions; the ſecond only ſays them, when he is ſure of their effect.

# CHILDREN.

IN the beginning of life, while imagination and memory are ſtill inactive, the child is only attentive to what actually affects his ſenſes. His ſenſations being the firſt materials of his knowledge, to preſent them in a proper order, is preparing his memory to furniſh them, one day or other, in the ſame order to his underſtanding: but as he is attentive only to his ſenſations, it is ſufficient at firſt to ſhew him very diſtinctly the connection of theſe ſame ſenſations with the objects which cauſe them. He wants to touch and handle every thing: do not oppoſe this inclination; it ſuggeſts to him a very uſeful and neceſſary apprenticeſhip: it is thus that he learns to feel heat and cold, hard and ſoft, heavy or light bodies; to judge of their ſize, their form, and every ſenſible quality, by looking, feeling, and liſtening, and particularly by comparing the ſight to the touch, and judging, by the eye, of the ſenſation which would be excited by touching an object with his fingers.

It is only by motion that we learn that there are

other bodies beſides ours, and it is only by moving ourſelves, that we acquire the idea of diſtance. It is becauſe a child has not this idea, that he extends his hand indifferently to reach the object that touches, or that which is at ſome diſtance from him. This effort which he makes, appears to you a ſign of power, an order which he gives the object to come near, or to you to bring it to him. Not at all; it is only the ſame objects which he ſaw firſt in his brain, then in his eyes, and which he ſees at length by his hand; and he does not conceive any extent, but what he can reach. Be careful, therefore, to take him often out, to move him from one place to another, in order to make him feel the change of places, and to teach him to judge of diſtances. When he begins to be conſcious of theſe, you muſt change your method, and only carry him where you pleaſe: for, when he is no longer deceived by his ſenſes, the efforts he makes change with their cauſe.

The uneaſineſs cauſed by any wants, is expreſſed by ſigns, when the aſſiſtance of others is neceſſary to ſupply it. From this proceeds the cries of children. They cry a great deal: this is well ordered, becauſe all their ſenſations are real: when they are agreeable, they enjoy them in ſilence; when they are diſagreeable, they ſay ſo in their language, and aſk for relief. Therefore, ſo long as they are awake, they can hardly remain in a ſtate of indifference.

ference. They are either aſleep, or under the influence of ſome affection.

All our languages are the work of art. It has long been a matter of inquiry, whether there was a natural language common to all men: undoubtedly there is one; and it is that which children ſpeak, before they are taught to ſpeak. This language is not articulate; but it has an accent, it is ſonorous, and intelligible. The uſe of our articulate languages has made us neglect this, till we have quite forgot it. Let us ſtudy children, and we ſhall ſoon learn it again. Nurſes are our maſters in this language: they underſtand all that their children ſay; they anſwer them; they keep up a connected converſation with them; and, although they pronounce words, theſe words are perfectly uſeleſs: it is not the ſenſe of the word which they underſtand, but the accent which accompanies it.

To the language of the voice, is joined that of action, not leſs energetic. This action is not expreſſed by the feeble hands of the children, but in their faces. It is aſtoniſhing, how much expreſſion theſe ill-formed phyſiognomies already poſſeſs: their features change from one moment to another, with inconceivable rapidity. You ſee ſmiles, deſire, fear, ſucceed each other like lightning; you every time think you ſee another face. The muſcles of their face are certainly more ſupple than our's; but, in revenge, their dim eyes have no ex-

preſſion.

preffion. Such, precifely, is the fort of figns which is proper to an age, when they have only corporal wants: fenfations are expreffed by grimaces, and fentiments by looks.

Children's firft tears are prayers; if we do not take care, they foon become orders. They begin by craving affiftance, they end with commanding it. Thus, from their own weaknefs, from whence they at firft derive the fentiment of their dependence; they afterwards acquire the idea of power and dominion: but this idea being lefs excited by their wants than by our fervices, here we may begin to perceive the moral effects, the direct caufe of which is not to be found in nature: and we perceive how neceffary it is from this early period to difcover the fecret motive of their actions, or their cries.

When a child makes an effort, and extends his hand, he thinks he fhall attain the object, becaufe he does not eftimate its diftance: he is in an error; but, when he cries at the fame time that he extends his hand, he is then no longer deceived with refpect to the diftance; he commands the object to approach, or you to bring it to him. In the firft cafe, carry him to the object flowly, and by degrees; in the fecond, do not even feem to hear him: the more he cries, the lefs you ought to attend to him. It is very effential to teach him betimes, neither to command men, becaufe he is not their

their maſter ; not things, becauſe they do not hear him. Therefore, when a child deſires ſomething that he ſees, and that you chooſe to give him, it is better to carry the child to the object, whatever it is, than to carry it to the child : he draws from this practice a concluſion ſuited to his age, and there is no other method of ſuggeſting it to him.

A child wants to miſplace every thing which he ſees ; he breaks every thing that he can reach ; he ſqueezes a bird as he would ſqueeze a ſtone, and ſmothers it, without knowing what he is doing.— Why does he do ſo? Philoſophy will account for it from the vices natural to man, ſuch as pride, the ſpirit of ruling, ſelf-love, and the wickedneſs of man ; the ſentiment of its weakneſs, it may add, renders the child anxious to do ſome act of ſtrength, and to prove to himſelf his power. But, behold an infirm, and broken down old man, brought back by the circle of human life to the weakneſs of childhood ; he not only remains quite ſtill and immoveable, he wants every thing around him to do the ſame ; the leaſt change diſturbs him, and makes him uneaſy ; he would wiſh to ſee an univerſal calm.— How could the ſame impotence, joined by the ſame paſſions, produce ſuch different effects in theſe two ages, if the primitive cauſe was not changed ? And where can we find that variety of cauſes, if not in the phyſical ſtate of both individuals ? The active power, common to both, is expanding in one, and

dying

dying in the other: one begins to form, the other to perish; one is entering into life, the other receding from it. The declining power of activity is concentrated in the heart of the old man; in that of the child it is superabundant, and strikes outward. He feels, so to speak, life enough to animate every thing which surrounds him. Whether he does, or undoes, it is all the same; it is sufficient that he changes the state of things, and every change is an action. If he seems to have a greater inclination to destroy than to make any thing, it is not from mischievousness; it is because the action which forms any thing is always tedious; and because that which destroys, being more rapid, is more suitable to his vivacity. At the same time that the author of nature endows children with this active principle, he takes care that it shall not be very inconvenient, by giving them little strength to exercise it. But as soon as they are capable of considering those around them, as instruments that it is in their power to employ, they make use of them to follow their inclinations, and to make up for their own want of strength. Thus it is that they become disagreeable, tyrants, imperious, ill disposed, and unruly; a progress which does not proceed from a natural inclination to command, but which gives it them; for we need not long experience, to feel how agreeable it is to act through others, and by only moving our tongue, to set the whole universe in motion.

As we grow up, we acquire ſtrength, we become leſs reſtleſs; we confine ourſelves more within ourſelves The ſoul and the body put themſelves, in a manner, in equilibrium, and nature requires no other activity than what is neceſſary for our preſervation. . But the deſire of commanding is not extinguiſhed with the neceſſity which gave it birth: power awakens and flatters ſelf-love, and cuſtom fortifies it: thus fancy ſucceeds neceſſity; thus opinion and prejudice take their firſt root.

The principle once known, we eaſily diſcern the point where we quit the path of nature: let us ſee what we muſt do to keep ourſelves in it.

Far from having any ſuperfluous ſtrength, children have not even ſufficient for all the calls of nature; we muſt therefore leave them the uſe of all thoſe which nature gives them, and of which they cannot make an abuſe. Firſt maxim.

We muſt aſſiſt them, and ſupply all their wants; whether in underſtanding, or in ſtrength; in every phyſical want. Second maxim.

We muſt confine ourſelves in the aſſiſtance which we give them, to what is really uſeful alone, without ever granting any thing to whim, or unreaſonable deſires. For caprice will not torment them, if we do not encourage its growth, as it is not given by nature. Third maxim.

We muſt carefully ſtudy their language and their actions, that we may diſtinguiſh in their deſires,

at

at an age when they are unacquainted with diſſimulation, what proceeds immediately from nature, and what proceeds from opinion. Fourth maxim.

The true ſpirit of theſe rules, is, to allow to children more real liberty and leſs power; to let them do more of themſelves, and to exact leſs from others. Thus, by accuſtoming themſelves early to confine their deſires to their ſtrength, they will not be greatly affected with the privation of what is not in their power.

The child, who is acquainted with none but phyſical wants, only cries when he ſuffers, and this is a great advantage; becauſe we know by that the very moment that he ſtands in need of aſſiſtance, and we ought not to loſe a moment in giving it him, if poſſible. But, if you cannot relieve him, remain quiet, without coaxing, in order to appeaſe him: your careſſes will not cure his belly-ach; but he will remember what he muſt do to be careſſed; and if he once knows how to engroſs your attention when he pleaſes, he then becomes your maſter, and all is loſt.

Long fits of crying in a child, who is neither ſick nor confined, and who wants for nothing, proceed from cuſtom, and obſtinacy: they are not the work of nature, but of his nurſe, who, not being able to ſuffer the importunity of his cries, makes them more frequent, without thinking, that in order

to

to ſilence a child to-day, we excite him to cry a great deal more to-morrow.

The only method of curing or preventing this habit, is to pay no attention to it. None like to give themſelves uſeleſs trouble: not even children. They are obſtinate in what they attempt; but if you poſſeſs more ſteadineſs, than they do ſtubbornneſs, they are diſguſted, and leave it off. It is thus that we ſpare their tears, and that we accuſtom them never to ſhed any, but when pain forces them to it.

However, when they cry from whim, or obſtinacy, a ſure method to prevent them from continuing ſo to do, is, to take off their attention with ſome agreeable or ſtriking object, which may make them forget that they wanted to cry.

Moſt nurſes excel in this art, and when properly managed, it is very uſeful: but it is of the greateſt conſequence that the child ſhould not perceive our intention of diverting him, and that he ſhould amuſe himſelf, without knowing that we ſo much as think of him: but in this point nurſes are very unſkilfel.

When children begin to ſpeak, they cry leſs.— This progreſs is natural, one language is ſubſtituted for another: ſo ſoon as he can make known when he ſuffers by words, why ſhould he do it by cries, unleſs it be when pain is too acute for words to expreſs it?

It is very ſtrange, that ſince the education of children has been attempted, there has never been

 any

any thing thought of to lead them, but emulation, jealouſy, envy, vanity, eagerneſs, baſe fear, and all the moſt dangerous paſſions, the eaſieſt to ferment, and the moſt fitted to corrupt the heart, even before the body is formed.

Every time that people want to inſtil any early inſtruction into them, they plant at the ſame time a vice in the bottom of their heart. Some fooliſh preceptors think they do wonders, in making them wicked, in order to teach them what is goodneſs; and then they ſay to us gravely, Such is man.—Yes, ſuch is the man that thou haſt made.

Every thing has been tried, excepting one: the only one which is likely to ſucceed, freedom, well regulated. We muſt not interfere with the education of a child, when we do not know how to conduct him as we pleaſe, by the laws alone of poſſibility and impoſſibility. The limits of both are equally unknown to him; we extend or contract them around him juſt as we pleaſe. We reſtrain or puſh him on by the ſimple law of neceſſity, without his ever grumbling: we render him complying and docile by the neceſſity of things, without giving any vice an opportunity of growing in him; for the paſſions never kindle, ſo long as they are of no effect.

The firſt impulſe natural to man, being to compare himſelf with every thing that ſurrounds him, and to diſcover, in every object that he ſees, all the

fenfible qualities which may have any relation to him, his firft ftudy is a fort of experimental, natural philofophy, relative to his own prefervation, and from which he is diverted, by fpeculative ftudies, before he has difcovered his place here below. While his delicate and flexible organs may adjuft themfelves to the bodies upon which they are to act; while his fenfes, ftill uncorrupted, are exempt from illufions; then is the time for exercifing the one and the other, to the functions for which they are fitted; then is the time to learn the fenfible relations which other things have with us. As every thing which enters into the human underftanding, enters by our fenfes, the firft underftanding of man is a fenfitive underftanding: it ferves as a bafis to the intellectual underftanding: our firft mafters in philofophy are our feet, our hands, our eyes. To fubftitute books to all this, is not teaching us to reafon: it is teaching us to make ufe of the underftanding of others; it is teaching us to be very credulous, and never to know any thing.

The moft brilliant thoughts may enter into the head of a child, or rather the moft elegant expreffions may proceed from their mouth, as the diamonds of the greateft value may fall into their hands, without the thoughts or the diamonds belonging to them on that account. There is no real property for this age of any kind. The things which a child

says, are not to him what they are to us; he does not affix the ſame ideas or ſenſe to them. His ideas, if it be poſſible that he ſhould have any, have in his mind neither connection nor order; there is nothing fixed or determined in any thing which he thinks. Examine your pretended prodigy: at ſome particular moments, you will find in him an activity and clearneſs of underſtanding which could almoſt penetrate the clouds. But in general, this ſame underſtanding will appear to you weak, ſtupid, and as if ſurrounded by a thick miſt. Sometimes, they outſtrip you, at other times they lag behind. One minute, you would ſay he is a great genius; the next he is a fool. You would both times be miſtaken: he is a child, a young eagle, who cuts the air one moment, and falls back the next, into the place from which he roſe.

Man has three ſorts of voice, namely, the ſpeaking or clear voice; the ſinging or melodious voice; and the pathetic voice or emphaſis, which ſerves as a language to the paſſions, and which animates both ſinging and converſation. A child poſſeſſes theſe three ſorts of voice, as well as man, without knowing how to apply or combine them as he does: he laughs, he cries, he complains, he ſighs; but he knows not how to introduce the modulation of them into the two other voices. Perfect melody is that which unites in the moſt perfect manner thoſe three

voices.

voices. Children are incapable of this melody, and their ſinging has never any ſoul. No more, when they ſpeak, has their language any emphaſis: they cry, but they have no accent; and as they have little energy in their diſcourſes, they have little expreſſion in their voice.

Giddy, thoughtleſs children, turn out men of limited underſtandings: I know no obſervation more general, or more certain, than this. Nothing is more difficult to diſtinguiſh in infancy, than real ſtupidity, from that apparent and deceitful ſtupidity, which indicates a great genius. It appears rather ſtrange, that the two extremes ſhould have ſuch a ſimilar appearance, and yet this is natural; for in an age in which a man has not yet any real ideas, the only difference which appears between him who has any genius, and him who has none, is, that the latter never admits any thing but falſe ideas, and that the firſt, finding them all falſe, admits none. He reſembles, therefore, the fool ſo far, that one is capable of nothing, and that the other finds nothing right. The only mark, therefore, by which they can be diſtinguiſhed, depends upon chance, which may preſent ſome idea to the latter, ſuited to his capacity, whereas the former is always the ſame. The younger Cato, during his infancy, appeared to be a fool at home: he was cloſe and opiniated; this was the only judgement that people

formed of him. It was in the anti-chamber of Sylla, that his uncle learnt to know him. If he had not gone into this antichamber, he would perhaps have paſſed for a brute till the age of reaſon : if Cæſar had not exiſted, this ſame Cato, who penetrated his fatal genius, and foreſaw all his projects ſo long before they were put into execution, would perhaps have been accounted a viſionary. Oh ! how eaſy it is for thoſe people to be deceived, who judge of children too precipitately ! They are often more children than them.

The apparent facility of learning, is what ruins children. We do not perceive that even this facility is a proof that they learn nothing. Their ſmooth and poliſhed brain reflects, like a looking-glaſs, the objects we preſent to it ; but nothing remains, nothing penetrates. The child retains words; the ideas are thrown back ; thoſe who liſten to him underſtands them , he alone does not.

More acute obſervations than we are aware of are neceſſary, to diſcover the real genius or taſte of a child, who ſhews his deſires much more than his diſpoſitions ; and we always judge by the firſt, for want of knowing how to ſtudy the others. I wiſh ſome judicious perſon would write a treatiſe on the art of obſerving children. This art would be of great importance: neither fathers nor maſters yet poſſeſs the elements of it.

At twelve or thirteen, the powers of the child unfold themſelves much more rapidly than his wants. Little ſenſible to the injuries of the air, and the ſeaſons, his natural heat ſerves him for cloathing; his appetite ſerves him for ſauce; every thing that poſſeſſes nouriſhment is good at his age; if he is inclined to ſleep, he extends himſelf on the ground, and ſleeps; he ſees himſelf every where ſurrounded with every thing of which he ſtands in need. No imaginary want torments him; opinion has no influence over him; his deſires do not extend beyond their natural bounds: he is not only ſufficient for himſelf, but he has more ſtrength than he wants; this is the only period of his life that this will be the caſe.

What will he do then, with this ſuperfluity of ſtrength and faculties, which he has at preſent, and which he will want at another age? He will endeavour to employ it in ſuch things as will be of uſe to him when he ſtands in need of it. He will fling, ſo to ſpeak, into the future, the ſuperfluity of his preſent exiſtence: the robuſt youth will make proviſions for the feeble old man; but he will neither place his ſtores in coffers, which may be ſtole from him, nor in ſtrange warehouſes: in order effectually to ſecure his acquiſitions, he will lodge them in his arms, in his head. This, therefore, is the time for labour, inſtructions, and ſtudy.

The point in hand is not that of teaching children the ſciences, but to give them a taſte for them, and to ſhew them the method to learn them, when their taſte ſhall become more perfect.

# YOUTH.

WE are born, ſo to ſpeak, twice: one time to exiſt, and the next to live; once for the ſpecies, and once for the ſex. Thoſe who look upon woman as an imperfect man, are certainly wrong, though exterior analogy be on their ſide. Till the age of marriage, children of both ſexes have nothing particular to diſtinguiſh them: the ſame face, the ſame ſtature, the ſame complexion, the ſame voice, every thing is alike; girls are children, the ſame name ſerves for beings ſo much alike. The males, in whom you prevent the farther developement of the ſex, preſerve this conformity all their lives; they are always great children; and women not loſing this ſame conformity, appear, in many things, never to be any thing elſe.

But man, in general, is not made to remain always in infancy. He quits it at the time preſcribed by nature, and this critical moment, though ſhort, has long conſequences.

As the roaring of the ſea precedes for a long time the tempeſt, this ſtormy revolution announces itſelf by the murmuring of the growing paſſions; a

hollow fermentation warns us of the approaching danger. A change of humour, frequent fits of paſſion, a continual agitation of mind, renders the child almoſt ungovernable. He becomes deaf to the voice which rendered him docile; he is a lion when in this fever: he forgets his guide, he will no longer be governed. To the moral ſigns of an altering humour, are added ſome very viſible changes in his perſon. His phyſiognomy is expanded, and becomes expreſſive; the ſoft down which ſprung on his chin, grows brown, and acquires ſtrength. His voice alters, or rather he loſes it: he is neither child nor man, nor can he aſſume the voice of either. His eyes, thoſe organs of the ſoul, which, till now, have been mute, find a language and expreſſion; a growing fire animates them; their looks, which become more lively, ſtill retain a ſacred innocence, but no longer their firſt imbecility; he feels that they can ſay too much; he begins to know how to caſt them down and to bluſh; he begins to feel, before he knows what he feels; he is uneaſy, without any reaſon of being ſo. All this may happen by degrees, and ſtill leave time: but if his vivacity renders him too impatient; if his paſſion changes into fury; if he is irritated or affected from one moment to the other; if he ſheds tears without any cauſe; if, when near objects which begin to become dangerous to him, his pulſe begins to beat, his eyes to ſparkle;

if

if the hand of a woman touching his, makes him ſhudder; if he is agitated or confuſed by her.—Ulyſſes! Oh, wiſe Ulyſſes! take care of thyſelf! the winds which thou waſt ſo careful to confine, are let looſe; no longer quit the rudder, or all is loſt.

Puberty, and the power of the ſex, are always more forward among poliſhed and civilized, than among ignorant and barbarous people. Children poſſeſs a wonderful ſagacity of diſcovering, through the veil of decency, the bad morals which it covers. The refined language which is dictated to them, the leſſons of virtue which are given to them, the veil of myſtery which they affect to hold before their eyes, is a ſtrong ſpur to their curioſity.

The inſtructions of nature are always ſlow: thoſe of men almoſt always premature. In the firſt caſe, the ſenſes awake the imagination; in the ſecond, the imagination awakens the ſenſes; it gives them a premature activity, which cannot fail to enervate, and to weaken at firſt the individual, and even the ſpecies, in the long run.

The firſt ſentiment of which a young man, who is carefully educated, is ſuſceptible, is not love, but friendſhip. The firſt act of his growing imagination, teaches him that he has fellow-creatures, and the ſpecies affects him before the ſex.

I have always obſerved, that young people, who undergo a premature corruption, and are given to

women and debauchery, are inhuman and cruel: the heat of their conſtitution renders them impatient, revengeful, and furious: their imagination, wholly taken up with one object, thinks of no other; they are ſtrangers to pity or mercy; they would ſacrifice father, mother, and the whole world to the ſmalleſt gratification. A young man, on the contrary, who is educated in a happy ſimplicity, is carried by the firſt propenſities of nature to the tender and affectionate paſſions: his ſympathiſing heart is affected by the ſufferings of his fellow creatures; he is happy beyond expreſſion when he meets his companions; his eyes know how to ſhed tears of affection; he is ſenſible to the ſhame of diſpleaſing, and the regret of offending. If the heat of enflamed blood makes him hot and paſſionate, we witneſs the next moment all the goodneſs of his heart, in the effuſions of his repentance: he cries, he ſighs, over the wound which he has made; he would, at the price of his own blood, purchaſe that which he has ſpilt: his paſſion is over; all his pride is humbled before a ſenſe of his fury: a ſingle word diſarms him; he forgives the wrongs of others, with as good a heart as he repairs his own. Youth is neither the age of vengeance nor hatred; it is the age of commiſeration, of clemency, and generoſity. Yes, I maintain it, and I am not afraid of being contradicted by experience: a child that is not born with a very bad diſpoſition,

diſpoſition, and who has preſerved his innocence till the age of twenty, is at that age the moſt generous, the beſt, the moſt affectionate, and the moſt amiable of men.

Introduce a young man of twenty into the world, if well conducted, he will be in a year more amiable and more judiciouſly polite, than he who has been brought up in it from his infancy; for the firſt being capable of feeling the reaſons of the manners obſerved towards different ages, ranks, and ſex, which conſtitute faſhionable behaviour, can reduce them into maxims, and extend them to unforeſeen caſes; whereas the other, doing every thing by rote, is embarraſſed ſo ſoon as he is put out of it. The young ladies in France are all brought up in convents till they are married. Do we perceive, that they have any difficulty to acquire the manners that are ſo new to them? and can we accuſe the Pariſian ladies with having an aukward and embarraſſed air, or being ignorant of the manners of the world, becauſe they have not been brought up in it from their infancy? This prejudice comes from people of the world, who, knowing nothing of more importance than this little ſcience, fooliſhly imagine that they cannot begin too early to learn it. It is true, that we muſt not delay it too long. Whoever has paſſed all his life at a diſtance from the great world, retains, all the reſt of his life, an embarraſſed and conſtrained air,

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a converſation always out of ſeaſon, dull and aukward manners, which a habit of living in the world does not correct, and which only becomes more ridiculous by the efforts they make to free themſelves from it.

What precautions are neceſſary to be taken with a young man of diſtinction, before he is expoſed to the corruption of the manners of this century! Theſe precautions are painful, but they are indiſpenſable; it is negligence on this point that ruins all our young people: it is corruption in youth that makes degenerate men; it was this that made them what we ſee them to-day. Mean and low even in their vices, they have only little ſouls, becauſe their worn-out bodies have been early corrupted; they have hardly life enough left to move. Their acute obſervations indicate a mind poſſeſſed of no real vigour; they know not how to feel any thing great and noble; they have neither ſimplicity nor vigour. Mean in every thing, and baſely wicked, they are only vain and deceitful villains: they do not even poſſeſs courage enough to become illuſtrious rogues.

Deſcrip-

## Defcription and Character of EMILIUS, or the Pupil of J. J. ROUSSEAU, from the Age of Ten till Twelve Years.

HIS perfon, his carriage, his vifage, announce confidence and content; health fhines on his face; his fteady fteps give him an appearance of ftrength; his complexion, ftill delicate without being infipid, has nothing of an effeminate foftnefs; the air and the fun have already ftamped the honourable impreffion of his fex: the mufcles of his face, though ftill delicate, begin to mark the features of a growing phyfiognomy; his eyes, which are not yet animated by the fire of fentiment, poffefs, at leaft, all their native foftnefs; they are not yet dimmed by long calamities; tears have not yet furrowed his cheeks. Behold in his activity, the vivacity of his age, the firmnefs of independence, the experience of continual exercife. He has an open and free countenance, though not infolent or vain; his face, which has not been pafted to books, does not fall on

on his ſtomach; we have never any occaſion to tell him to lift up his head; neither fear nor ſhame ever made him hold it down.

Let us make room for him in the middle of an aſſembly. Examine him, gentlemen; interrogate him boldly; neither fear his importunities, nor his prating, nor his indiſcreet queſtions. Do not be afraid of his taking poſſeſſion of you, or that he ſhould endeavour to engroſs all your attention to himſelf, and that you will not be able to get rid of him.

Do not expect either entertaining diſcourſes from him, or that he will repeat what I have dictated; expect nothing but ingenuous and ſimple truth, without embelliſhments, or vanity. He will tell you the harm he has done, or thought of as freely as the good; without troubling himſelf in the leaſt with the effect of what he has ſaid may have on you, he will make uſe of words in all the ſimplicity of their firſt inſtitution.

We love to conjecture ſomething great of children, and we always regret the number of fooliſh things that overſet the hopes we conceive, from ſome clever things they utter by chance. If mine does not often create theſe hopes, neither will he cauſe that regret; for he never utters a uſeleſs word, and he does not exhauſt himſelf in a prattle to which he knows that nobody liſtens. His ideas are limit-

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ed, but clear: if he knows nothing by heart, he knows a great deal by experience. If he does not read as well as another child in our books, he reads better in that of nature; his ſenſe is not in his tongue, but in his head; he has leſs memory than judgement; he can only ſpeak one language, but he underſtands what he ſays; and if he does not ſpeak as well as others, in revenge he acts better than they do.

He knows nothing by rote, habit, or cuſtom: what he did yeſterday, has no influence on what he does to-day; he never follows any model; he gives up nothing to authority or example, and he neither acts nor ſpeaks, but juſt as it ſuits him.—Therefore, do not expect from him diſcourſes that have been dictated, nor ſtudied manners, but always the faithful expreſſion of his ideas, and the conduct which reſults from his inclinations.

You will find him poſſeſſed of a ſmall number of moral ideas, ſuited to his own ſtate, but none to the relative ſtate of men: and of what uſe would they be to him, ſince a child is not an active member of ſociety? Talk to him of liberty, of property, even of compact: he may underſtand you ſo far; he knows why what belongs to him, does belong to him, and why what does not belong, does not belong to him. He knows nothing beyond this. Talk to him of duty and obedience, he does

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not know what you mean; command him to do any thing, he will not underſtand you: but ſay to him, If you were to do me ſuch and ſuch a favour, I ſhould return it, when an opportunity offers; that very moment, he will be anxious to comply with your requeſt; for he has nothing more at heart than to extend his empire, and to acquire over you, rights, which he knows to be inviolable; perhaps, even, he is not ſorry to hold a place, or to be one of the number of ſociety, and to be accounted as ſomebody; but if he be under the influence of this laſt motive, he has already quitted the ſtate of nature, and you have not properly ſtopt up, beforehand, all the doors of vanity.

On his part, if he wants any aſſiſtance, he aſks it indifferently of the firſt perſon he meets: he would aſk it of the king as ſoon as of his footman; he does not yet make any diſtinction of perſons. You may perceive by the manner in which he aſks, that he feels that nobody owes him any thing. He knows what he aſks is a favour; he knows likewiſe that benevolence induces people to grant favours. His expreſſions are ſhort and laconic; his voice, his looks, his manners, are thoſe of a being equally accuſtomed to compliance and refuſals. It is neither the cringing nor ſervile ſubmiſſion of a ſlave, nor the arrogant tone of a maſter; it is a modeſt confidence in his fellow-creature; it is the noble

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and affecting mildness of a free, though sensible and feeble, imploring the assistance of another free being, who is strong and benevolent. If you grant him what he asks you, he will not thank you, but he will feel that he has contracted a debt. If you refuse it him, he will not complain; he knows that it would be useless. He will not say to himself, I have been refused; but he will say, It could not be: and we seldom revolt against real necessity.— Leave him free and quite to himself, and observe how he will act, without your saying any thing to him: observe what he does, and how he sets about it. Having no occasion to prove to himself that he is free, he will never do any thing from thoughtlessness, and simply to do an act of power over himself. Does he not know that he is always his own master? He is alert, light, and active; his actions have all the vivacity of his age; but you perceive none that has not some end. Whatever he wants to do, he will never undertake any thing that is above his strength; for he has sufficiently tried and is perfectly acquainted with it: his means are always adapted to his designs, and he will hardly ever act, without being assured, beforehand, of success; he will have an attentive and judicious eye; he will not go, and foolishly interrogate others upon all that he sees, but he will examine it himself, and will even undergo fatigue, to discover what he wants

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to learn, before he will aſk any body. If he falls into unforeſeen embarraſſments, he will be leſs confuſed than others; if there is any riſk, he will likewiſe be leſs alarmed. As his imagination remains ſtill inactive, and that there has been nothing done to excite it, he ſees only what is, does not exaggerate dangers, and always preſerves the ſame indifference and preſence of mind. He feels too often and too ſenſibly the weight of neceſſity, to fight againſt it; he carries the yoke of it from his birth, he is therefore perfectly accuſtomed to it; he is always prepared for every thing that happens.

It is the ſame thing to him whether he is occupied or amuſed; his amuſements are his occupations; he feels no difference. He goes about every thing he does, with an earneſtneſs that makes one laugh, and a freedom that pleaſes, by ſhewing, at once, the turn of his mind, and the extent of his knowledge. Is not the contemplation of this age charming? To ſee a pretty child, his eyes ſparkling and gay; his mien placid and content; his countenance open and ſmiling; doing in play the moſt ſerious things, or ſeriouſly occupied with the moſt frivolous amuſements?

If you wiſh to form a judgement of him, by compariſon, place him among other children, and let him act. You will ſoon diſcover which is the beſt educated, which comes the neareſt to the perfection

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of his age. None among the children brought up in towns is more dextrous than him; and he is ſtronger than any of them: he excels counrry boys in ſtrength and ſhrewdneſs. He judges and reaſons better, and he foreſees more than any of them in every thing that is within the capacity of children. Is the matter in hand acting, running, jumping, moving any body, lifting any weight, eſtimating diſtances, inventing plays, gaining prizes; it ſeems as if all nature was at his command, ſo well he knows how to bend every thing to his will. He is made to govern and to guide his equals; talent and experience makes up the want of right and authority. Give him what dreſs and name you pleaſe, it is of little conſequence; he will always excel, he will become every where the commander of others; they will always feel his ſuperiority over them.—Without wanting to command, he will be the maſter; they will obey, without knowing it.

He has attained the maturity of childhood: he has lived the life of a child; he has not purchaſed his perfection at the expence of his happineſs; on the contrary, theſe have contributed to each other. In acquiring all the ſenſe of his age, he has been happy and free, as far as his conſtitution would permit him to be ſo.

If the fatal ſcythe comes and cuts off in him the flower of all our hopes, we have not to lament at

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the ſame time his life and his death: our ſorrow and pain will not be ſharpened by the recollection of any that we have made him experience: we ſhall ſay to ourſelves, He has enjoyed his childhood at leaſt; we have not made him loſe any thing that nature beſtowed on him.

## Defcription and Character of the fame Pupil, at a more advanced Age.—His Introduction into Life, and how he behaves.

IN whatever rank he may be born, in whatever fociety he is firft introduced, his outfet will be fimple, and modeft. God forbid that he fhould be unfortunate enough to fhine in it: thofe qualities which ftrike at firft fight are not his; thefe he neither poffeffes nor wifhes to poffefs. He fets too little value on even the judgement of men, to fet any on their prejudices; and he does not wifh to be efteemed before he is known. In his behaviour, he is neither bafhful nor vain, but ingenuous and fincere; he is unacquainted with reftraint, or difguife, acting in the fame manner in the middle of a large company, as when alone, and without a witnefs. Do you fuppofe him, on this account, to be rude, fcornful, and inattentive to others? He is quite the contrary. When, if he is alone, he does not think little of the reft of mankind, why therefore fhould he think little of, or flight them when

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in their ſociety? He does not affect to prefer them to himſelf in his actions, becauſe he does not prefer them to himſelf in his heart; but neither does he affect an indifference, which he is very far from poſſeſſing: he does not practiſe the formalities of artificial good breeding; he poſſeſſes all the politeneſs of humanity. He does not love to ſee any body ſuffer; he will offer his place to no one from affectation; but he will give it with pleaſure from goodneſs, if he ſees him neglected, and thinks that this neglect mortifies him; for it will hurt my young man much leſs to remain ſtanding of his own accord, than to ſee another remain ſo, from compulſion.

Although Emilius does not eſteem men in general, he will not ſhew them any contempt, becauſe he pities and feels for them. Being unable to give them a taſte for what is really eſtimable, he leaves them to the enjoyment of their own opinions, with which they are ſatisfied, leſt that by depriving them of their imaginary pleaſures, he ſhould render them more miſerable than before. He is, therefore, neither prone to diſputation, nor contradiction; but he is not over complaiſant or a flatterer: he gives his opinion, without controverting that of others; becauſe he does not covet the attention of others. From the ſame reaſon, he only ſays uſeful things: what elſe ſhould induce him to ſpeak? Emilius poſſeſſes too much knowledge ever to be talkative.

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Far from being offended at the manners of others, he conforms to them freely enough; not becauſe be wiſhes to appear verſed in the cuſtoms of the world, nor to affect the airs of a polite man, but, on the contrary, for fear of being diſtinguiſhed, and to avoid being remarked; for he is never more at his eaſe, than when he is not taken notice of.

Notwithſtanding that he is totally unacquainted with the manners of the world, at his firſt entrance in it, he is not, on this account, either timid or baſhful: if he does not thruſt himſelf forward, it is not from embarraſſment; it is becauſe in order to ſee well, we muſt not be ſeen; for he is totally indifferent about what people think of him, and he is not in the leaſt afraid of ridicule. For this reaſon, being always quiet and indifferent, he is never confuſed or baſhful. Whether he is obſerved or not, whatever he does, he does it in the beſt manner he is able, and being always at liberty to obſerve the actions of others, he acquires their manners and cuſtoms, with a facility which the ſlaves of opinion never can command. It might be ſaid, that he acquires the manners of the world, preciſely becauſe he ſets little value on them.

Do not deceive yourſelf, however, with regard to the complacence of his looks, nor compare them to thoſe of the agreeable youths of the age. He is reſolute, but not ſelf-ſufficient; his manners are free, but not ſupercilious: inſolent manners belong

only to ſlaves; freedom is a ſtranger to affectation.

When we love others, we want to be beloved in return: Emilius loves mankind; he endeavours, therefore, to pleaſe. The like reaſon prevails ſtill more with regard to women. His age, his morals, his hopes of finding a worthy and amiable companion, all concur to ſtrengthen this deſire. I ſay, his morals, for theſe have a great deal to do with this matter. It is men of morals who are the real admirers of women: they may not make uſe of that jargon of gallantry, but their aſſiduities are more ſincere and tender. I can eaſily diſcover, in the company of a young woman, a man of good morals, who poſſeſſes ſelf-command. from a hundred thouſand debauchees.——Judge, then, what Emilius muſt be, with a conſtitution unblemiſhed, and ſo many reaſons to reſtrain it.

I believe he will ſometimes be timid and embarraſſed when near them; but certainly this embarraſſment will not diſpleaſe them, and even the moſt ingenuous of them will but too often poſſeſs the art of enjoying and increaſing it. However, his aſſiduity will inſenſibly change its form according to their condition. He will be more modeſt and reſpectful towards married women, more lively and tender towards thoſe that are unmarried.

Nobody will be more particular than him in that reſpect and conſideration, which is founded on the

the order of nature, and even on the good order of ſociety; but the firſt will always be preferred to the laſt, and he will reſpect a private individual, who is older than himſelf, more than a magiſtrate of his own age. Being therefore in general the youngeſt perſon in the companies he goes into, he will always be the moſt modeſt, and that not from the vanity of appearing humble, but from a natural ſentiment founded on reaſon. He will not poſſeſs thoſe impertinent pretenſions to the knowledge of the world, which induce young coxcombs, in order to amuſe the company, to talk louder than the philoſophers, and interrupt old men; he will not authoriſe, for his part, the anſwer of an old man to Lewis the XVth, who aſked him, which he preferred, the laſt or the preſent century?—— *Pleaſe your Majeſty, I have paſſed my youth in paying reſpect to old men, and I muſt now paſs my old age in paying reſpect to children.*

Being poſſeſſed of a tender and feeling heart, but eſtimating nothing by the ſtandard of common opinion, although he loves to pleaſe others, he will care very little about their paying any regard to him. From this it follows, that he will be more affectionate than polite; that he will never give himſelf any airs, or have any oſtentation; and that he will be more affected by one expreſſion of tenderneſs, than by a thouſand enco-

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miums. From the ſame reaſon, he will neither be negligent of his behaviour nor his carriage; he may even, perhaps, be a little particular in his dreſs, not in order to appear a man of taſte, but to render his perſon more agreeable.

As he loves men, becauſe they are his own likeneſs, he will love them moſt who are moſt like himſelf, becauſe he will be conſcious of his own worth, and judging of the reſemblance by the conformity of taſtes in reſpect to moral objects, and in every thing that belongs to a good character, he will be very glad to be thought well of. He will not ſay to himſelf, I reioice, becauſe people think well of me, but I rejoice, becauſe they approve the good I do; I rejoice that the people who honour me, do themſelves an honour in ſo doing: ſo long as they judge with ſuch propriety, their eſteem will be worth cultivating.

## Defcription and Character of SOPHIA, or the future Companion of EMILIUS.

SOPHIA enjoys the advantage of good birth, and of a good natural difpofition: fhe has a very feeling heart, and this extreme fenfibility often gives her a livelinefs of imagination, which it is difficult to moderate. Her underftanding is lefs found than penetrating; her temper is eafy, though unequal; her figure is not extraordinary, but agreeable: fhe has a face which befpeaks a foul, and which does not deceive: we may accoft her with indifference, but not quit her without emotion. Others are poffeffed of good qualities which fhe wants, others poffefs in a greater degree thofe which fhe has: but none poffefs qualities more happily blended for the formation of an amiable character. She knows how to turn her very faults to advantage; even if fhe were more perfect, fhe would be lefs fafcinating.

Sophia is not handfome; but men, when near her, forget handfome women, and handfome women are diffatisfied with themfelves. She is hardly pretty

at firſt ſight; but the more you ſee her, the handſomer ſhe ſeems: ſhe gains from a trial by which ſo many ſuffer loſs, and what ſhe gains ſhe never loſes. It is poſſible to have finer eyes, a prettier mouth, a more commanding mein; but it is impoſſible to have a more elegant ſymmetry of ſhape, a finer complexion, a whiter hand, a ſmaller foot, a ſofter or more bewitching countenance: without dazzling, ſhe attracts, ſhe charms, and we know not why.

Sophia loves dreſs, and underſtands it perfectly: her mother has no other waiting-maid than her; ſhe has a great deal of taſte in dreſſing herſelf to advantage, but ſhe hates fine clothes: we always ſee in her's ſimplicity, joined to elegance; ſhe does not love what is ſhewy, but that which is becoming. She is ignorant of what colours are in faſhion, but ſhe knows perfectly thoſe which ſuit her complexion. There is no young perſon whoſe dreſs appears leſs ſtudied, but which is, in fact, more ſo; no part of her attire is taken at random, though art is never to be diſcovered in any part. Her dreſs is very modeſt, to all appearance, but very coquettiſh in reality: ſhe does not diſplay her charms; but in concealing, ſhe knows how to make you conceive them. All who ſee her, ſay, This is a modeſt and diſcreet girl: but ſo long as they remain near her, their eyes and

heart

heart wander all over her perſon, without their having the power of withdrawing them; and we might ſay that each part of this apparently ſimple and unſtudied dreſs, was only put in its proper order, to be taken to pieces by the imagination.

Sophia poſſeſſes ſome natural talents; ſhe is conſcious of them, and has not neglected them; but, not having been in the way of cultivating them with much art, ſhe has been ſatisfied with exerciſing her ſweet voice in ſinging with juſtneſs and taſte, her little feet in walking and treading lightly with eaſe and grace, and in making curteſies in every poſſible attitude, without conſtraint or aukwardneſs. That which Sophia knows beſt, and in which ſhe has been moſt carefully inſtructed, is, the occupations of her ſex; even thoſe which are not thought of, ſuch as cutting out and making gowns. There is no ſort of needle work which ſhe does not know how to do, and which ſhe does not do with pleaſure. But the work which ſhe prefers to all others, is, making of lace, becauſe there is no other which throws the perſon into ſuch an agreeable attitude, and in which the fingers are employed with more grace and activity. She has likewiſe learnt all the branches of houſe-keeping; ſhe underſtands the kitchen and the pantry; ſhe knows the price of proviſions, and is a judge of their quality; ſhe knows very well how to keep accounts, and ſhe is her mother's ſteward. Deſtined, one

day or other, to be the mother of a family herſelf, by managing her parent's houſe, ſhe learns to manage her own; ſhe knows how to ſupply the duties of any of the ſervants, and always does it chearfully. We never know how to direct any thing properly, which we do not know how to do ourſelves; it is for this reaſon that her mother employs her thus. As to Sophia, ſhe does not extend her views ſo far: her firſt duty is that of a daughter, and it is at preſent the only one ſhe thinks of fulfilling. Her only end is to be ſerviceable to her mother, and to lighten her of ſome of her cares.

Sophia's underſtanding is agreeable, without being brilliant, and ſolid, without poſſeſſing much depth; an underſtanding, of which little is ſaid, becauſe none diſcover her to be poſſeſſed of more or leſs than themſelves. She has an underſtanding which always pleaſes thoſe who talk to her, although it is not much embelliſhed, according to the ideas which we have of the cultivation of the underſtandings of women: for her's has not been formed by reading, but ſimply by the converſation of her father and mother, by her own reflections, and by the obſervations ſhe has made in the little company ſhe has ſeen. Sophia is naturally gay; ſhe was even playſome and giddy in her infancy: but by degrees, her mother has taken care to repreſs theſe giddy flights, for fear that a too ſudden change ſhould warn her of the moment that it was become

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neceſſary totally to ſuppreſs them. She is therefore become modeſt and reſerved, even before the time that it was requiſite; and, now that this time is come, it is eaſier for her to preſerve the manner ſhe has aſſumed, than it would be to her to aſſume it, without giving a reaſon for ſuch a change. It is laughable, to ſee her ſometimes give way to the natural vivacity of her youth, from the remains of former habit, and to the ſprightlineſs of childhood, and, all of a ſudden, recollect herſelf, be ſilent, caſt down her eyes, and bluſh. It is natural, that the intermediate ſpace between youth and maturity ſhould partake a little of the diſpoſition of each.

Sophia is poſſeſſed of too exquiſite ſenſibility, to preſerve always an evenneſs of temper; but ſhe has too much gentleneſs to ſuffer this ſenſibility to become offenſive to others; it is herſelf alone that it hurts. If you make uſe of a ſingle expreſſion that vexes her, ſhe does not pout, but her heart ſwells, and ſhe endeavours to withdraw herſelf to ſhed tears.. But if, in the midſt of her tears, her father or mother call her back, and ſay a ſingle word to her, ſhe begins that minute to dry them up, and ſtifle her ſobbing, and inſtantly reſumes her former ſerenity and chearfulneſs. She is not, farther, totally exempt from caprice. Her humour, when carried too far, degenerates into obſtinacy, and ſhe is then apt to forget herſelf; but give her only time to recollect herſelf, and her

manner

manner of repairing her error, and ſhe almoſt turns it into a merit.

If ſhe is puniſhed, ſhe is docile and ſubmiſſive; and we perceive that her ſhame does not proceed ſo much from the correction, as from the ſenſe of her fault. If you ſay nothing to her, ſhe will never fail to repair her fault herſelf, with ſo much candour, and with ſo good a grace, that it is impoſſible to retain any reſentment againſt her. She would aſk pardon of the meaneſt ſervant, without feeling herſelf in the leaſt hurt by this act of humiliation, and the minute ſhe is forgiven, her joy and careſſes ſhew the weight from which her heart is relieved. In a word, ſhe bears with patience the injuries ſhe receives, and repairs with chearfulneſs thoſe ſhe commits. Such is the amiable diſpoſition of the ſex, before we corrupt it. Woman is made to yield to man, and even to bear with his injuſtice: you will never bring boys to this point: internal ſenſe ariſes and revolts in them againſt injuſtice; nature did not form them to endure it.

Sophia is religious, but her religion is ſimple, rational, unincumbered with many dogmas, and ſtill more with the ceremonies of devotion; or rather, being unacquainted with any eſſential point of practice, but morality, ſhe devotes her whole life to the ſervice of God, in doing good. In all the inſtructions which her parents have given her on this ſubject, they have accuſtomed her to a reſpectful ſubmiſ-

ſion, by ſaying to her, "Daughter, theſe reſearches "are not ſuited to your age; your huſband will "inſtruct you in them, when it is time." Inſtead of holding long diſcourſes of piety, they are ſatisfied with preaching to her by their examples, and theſe examples are engraved on her heart.

Sophia loves virtue; this love is become her prevailing paſſion. She loves it, becauſe there is nothing ſo beautiful as virtue; ſhe loves it, becauſe virtue conſtitutes the glory of a woman, and that a virtuous woman appears to her to approach very near to an angel; ſhe loves it, as the only road to real happineſs, and becauſe ſhe ſees nothing but miſery, neglect, misfortune, and ignominy, in the life of an abandoned woman. She loves it, becauſe it is dear to her reſpectable father, to her worthy and affectionate mother. Not content with the happineſs they derive from their own virtue, they wiſh to enjoy an increaſe of it, from that of their daughter, and the greateſt happineſs ſhe knows, is the hopes of contributing to theirs. All theſe ſentiments inſpire her with a noble enthuſiaſm, which exalts her mind, and keeps all her meaner propenſities in ſubjection to ſo noble a paſſion; Sophia will be chaſte and virtuous, till her lateſt breath; ſhe has ſworn it from the bottom of her heart, and ſworn it at a time when ſhe already felt all the troubles that ſuch a vow would coſt her to keep; ſhe ſwore it at a time that ſhe muſt have re-

called ſuch an oath, if ſhe had been formed to have been conquered by her paſſions.

Sophia has not the happineſs of being an amiable Frenchwoman; cold from conſtitution, and coquettiſh from vanity, wiſhing rather to ſhine than pleaſe, and more ſtudious of amuſement than happineſs. The want alone of an object to fix her affections on, preys on her mind; it occurs and makes her miſerable in the midſt of her amuſement. She has loſt her wonted gaiety; ſprightly and lively paſtimes are no longer calculated to pleaſe her: far from dreading the wearineſs of ſolitude, ſhe ſeeks it; and there reflects at leiſure on him who is, one day or other, to render it agreeable to her. Indifferent perſons are diſpleaſing to her; ſhe does not want a court, but a lover; ſhe would rather pleaſe one worthy man, and be always beloved by him, than to be the admiration of the town one day, and be deſpiſed by all the world the next.

Women are the beſt judges of the merit of men, and men are the beſt judges of the merit of women. This is the reciprocal privilege of the ſexes; and they are both equally conſcious of it. Sophia is ſenſible of, and makes uſe of this prerogative, but with that modeſty which becomes her age, her want of experience, and her rank. She does not judge of things that are beyond her capacity; and ſhe never gives her opinion, but when it ſerves to explain ſome uſeful maxim. She never talks of the

abſent,

absent, but with the greatest circumspection, particularly if they be women; she thinks that what renders women satirical and detracting, is talking of their own sex: so long as they confine themselves to talk only of our's, they are just. Sophia confines herself, therefore, to this: as to women, she never speaks of them, but to relate something to their advantage; it is a respect she thinks she owes her sex; and with regard to those of whom she knows no good at all, she says nothing about them, and this silence is understood.

Sophia is not much acquainted with the manners of the great world; but she is obliging, attentive, and graceful in all she does. An amiable disposition supplies the place of a great deal of art. She has a certain politeness of her own, which is not copied, and which, as it does not depend on fashions, does not change with them; which is not regulated by custom, but which, proceeding from a real wish to please, is always sure of succeeding. She never makes use of frivolous and unmeaning compliments, nor does she invent studied ones; she does not say, I am much obliged to you—you do me a great deal of honour;—pray, don't give yourself the trouble, &c. Much less does she endeavour to give an elegant turn to each expression. To any mark of attention or established form of politeness, she replies by a courtesy, or by simply saying, I thank you; but this word from her mouth

mouth is well worth another more elegant from that of any body elſe.

In return for a real ſervice, ſhe lets her heart ſpeak, and it is not a compliment which it dictates. She has not ſuffered the French cuſtoms to ſubject her to the yoke of affectation, ſuch as leaning on an arm of threeſcore years of age, in paſſing from one room to another, which ſhe might rather be tempted to ſupport. When a perfumed beau offers to render her this ſervice, ſhe rejects his officious arm, and ruſhes into the room in a moment, telling him ſhe is not lame. In fact, although ſhe is not tall, ſhe has never worn high heels: her feet are ſmall enough to diſpenſe with them.

She not only maintains a reſpectful and decent ſilence among women, but even with married men, and thoſe who are much older than herſelf: ſhe will never accept a ſeat above them, unleſs from obedience; and ſhe will take her own again below them, as ſoon as ſhe can; for ſhe feels, that the privileges of age go before thoſe of ſex, as having the preſumption of wiſdom in their favour, which ought to be reſpected before any thing.

In company with young people of her own age, her behaviour is different: a different manner is neceſſary to inſure reſpect, and preſerve decorum, and ſhe knows how to aſſume it, without departing from the modeſt air which becomes her. If they are modeſt and reſerved themſelves, ſhe will

with

with pleaſure preſerve the amiable familiarity of youth; their converſation, full of innocence, will be lively and free, but at the ſame time modeſt and decent. If the converſation takes a ſerious turn, ſhe would have it tend to ſomething uſeful; if it becomes inſipid, ſhe will ſoon put an end to it; for ſhe deſpiſes, above all things, the inſignificant jargon of gallantry, which ſhe conſiders as very offenſive to her ſex. She knows very well, that the man ſhe ſeeks, would never make uſe of it, and ſhe never willingly ſuffers in another a behaviour, which would not ſuit the man whoſe character is deeply imprinted in the bottom of her heart. The high notions ſhe has of the prerogatives of her ſex, that haughtineſs of mind which renders her ſentiments ſo pure; that energy of virtue which ſhe feels within herſelf, and which renders her reſpectable in her own eyes, make her liſten with contempt to thoſe whining love tales, with which they attempt to amuſe her. She does not receive them with apparent anger, but with an ironical applauſe, which diſconcerts them; and with an indifference which they did not expect.

Let a young coxcomb launch out into praiſes of her wit, her beauty, and expatiate upon the ineſtimable happineſs of pleaſing her: ſhe is a girl that would be very likely to interrupt him, by ſaying politely to him, "Sir, I am very much "afraid of knowing theſe things better than you:

"if

"if you cannot find a more intereſting ſubject of "converſation, I think we had better let the pre-"ſent drop."

She would accompany theſe words with a low courteſy, and then be at twenty paces from him in a moment. Aſk any of your young gay fellows, whether it is an eaſy matter to continue their idle talk with a girl of ſo perverſe a turn?

We muſt not ſuppoſe, however, that ſhe is not extremely ſenſible to praiſe, provided it be ſincere, and that ſhe is really perſuaded that you think the good you ſay of her. To appear affected with her merit, you muſt begin by ſhewing that you are acquainted with it. An homage, founded on eſteem, may flatter her proud heart; but ſhe deteſts all gallant diſcourſes. Sophia is not a fit object to exerciſe the inſignificant talents of a fop.

# MORAL REFLECTIONS.

WE cannot reflect on morals, without indulging ourselves with the image of the simplicity of former ages. It is a beautiful bank, embellished by the hands alone of nature, towards which our eyes incessantly wander, and from which we feel ourselves removing with regret.

The only lesson of morality which is suited to childhood, and the most important at all ages, is, never to do an injury to any body. The precept even of doing good, unless it be made subordinate to that, is dangerous, false, and contradictory.—Who is it, that does not sometimes do good? All the world do good, the wicked man as well as another; he makes one happy being, at the expence of the happiness of a hundred other beings, and from this all our calamities arise. The most sublime virtues are negative; they are likewise the most difficult, because they are devoid of ostentation, and even above that pleasure, so charming to the

the heart of man, of ſending a perſon away pleaſed with us. Oh! how much good does that perſon neceſſarily do to his fellow-creatures, if there is ſuch a perſon to be found, who never does them any harm! What intrepidity of ſoul, what vigour of mind, he muſt be poſſeſſed of! It is not by arguing on this maxim, it is by endeavouring to practiſe it, that we feel how great and difficult it is to carry it into execution.

The maxim of never injuring another, implies that of being as little connected with ſociety as poſſible; for in ſocial intercourſe, what does good to one, does harm to another. This relation is founded in the eſſence of the thing, and nothing is able to change it; let us endeavour to diſcover from this principle, which is the beſt, the ſocial or ſolitary mad. A famous author has ſaid, that it is only the bad who live by themſelves. I ſay, that it is only the good who live by themſelves; if this propoſition be leſs ſententious, it is more true, and better ſupported than the preceding. If the bad man lived by himſelf, what harm would he do? It is in ſociety that he ſets his machines a-going to hurt others.

We muſt ſtudy ſociety by men, and men by ſociety: thoſe who treat of morals and politics ſeparately, will never underſtand either. By examining, firſt of all, primitive relations, we ſee how

how men ought to be affected by them, and what paſſions they are naturally fitted and ought to produce. We perceive, that it is reciprocally by the progreſs of theſe paſſions, that theſe ties are multiplied, and become more binding. Freedom and independence are leſs owing to ſtrength of arm than to moderation of heart *.

Whoever has few wiſhes, depends on few people; but always confounding the vain deſires of men with their phyſical wants, thoſe who have made theſe latter the foundation of ſociety, have always miſtaken the effect for the cauſe, and have gone wrong in all their inveſtigations and arguments.

There is no moral fact, which may not be learnt by our own, or by the experience of others. In thoſe caſes, where this experience might be dangerous, inſtead of acquiring knowledge from our own experience, we draw our leſſons from hiſtory.

Do not ſeek in books, rules and principles which we ſhall find with greater certainty within ourſelves. Let us leave all the vain diſputes of philoſophers, concerning happineſs and virtue; let us employ the time in *becoming* good and happy, that they waſte in ſeeking *how* to become ſo, and let us

* The ſeat of the paſſions.

propoſe

propofe to ourfelves fome great example to imitate, rather than any vain fyftems to follow.

He who has endeavoured to live in fuch a manner, as to have no need to think on death, fees its approaches without difmay. Whoever goes to fleep in the bofom of a father, is not uneafy about his time of awaking.

One would fuppofe, from the murmurs of impatient mortals, that God owes them rewards before they merit them, and that he is obliged to pay their virtue beforehand. Let us firft be good, and then we fhall be happy. Do not let us afk the glory before the victory, nor the wages before the work. It is not in the lifts, faid Plutarch, that the victorious in our facred games are crowned: but after the conteft is over.

The firft reward of juftice, is the confcioufnefs of having practifed it.

Peace of mind confifts in defpifing every thing that may difturb it.

If it is underftanding which makes a man, it is fenfibility that guides him.

The luxury of the world corrupts the heart, indigence debafes it. Melancholy foftens the heart: deep affliction hardens it.

It is all loft time, that might be better employed.

It is a fecond crime to fulful a criminal vow.

If

Is a permanent ſtate made for man? No: when we have obtained all our wiſhes, we muſt loſe, were it only the pleaſure of poſſeſſion, which is deſtroyed by it.

Afflictions and ſorrows may be reckoned an advantage, becauſe they prevent the heart from becoming hardened to the misfortunes of others. We know not what a pleaſure it is to weep over our own misfortunes, and thoſe of others. Senſibility always fills the heart with a certain approbation of ourſelves, independent of fortune or events.

The country of chimeras is the only one in this world worth inhabiting; and ſuch is the nothingneſs of human affairs, that, except the being who exiſts of himſelf, there is nothing great or beautiful, but what does not exiſt.

Pure morality is ſo overcharged with ſevere duties, that if we overcharge it ſtill more with fooliſh formalities, it is almoſt always at the expence of the eſſential part of it. This is ſaid to be the caſe with Monks in general, who, being ſubjected to a thouſand uſeleſs rules and ceremonies, know honour and virtue only by name.

No perſon can be happy who does not enjoy the eſteem of himſelf.

If the real enjoyment of the ſoul conſiſts in the contemplation of goodneſs, how can the wicked man love it in another, without being forced to hate himſelf.

There is no safe asylum, but that in which we may escape from shame and repentance.

Bad precepts are worse than bad actions. Disorderly passions inspire bad actions; but bad precepts corrupt even the understanding, and leave no opportunity of returning to virtue.

Self-love is a useful though dangerous instrument: it often wounds the hand which makes use of it, and hardly ever does any good, without doing mischief at the same time.

The abuse of knowledge produces incredulity. Every learned man disdains the vulgar opinion; every body will have one of his own. Ostentatious philosophy leads to the want of faith, as blind devotion does to fanaticism.

Private interest deceives us; the hopes of the good only are not deceitful.

Such is the fate of human nature! Reason points out the right road, but our passions seduce us from it.

Every thing is a source of evil which extends beyond physical necessity. Nature has already given us too many wants, and it is at least very imprudent to multiply them, without any necessity, and thus put our hearts in a greater state of dependence.

The first step towards vice, is to make a mystery of innocent actions; and whoever loves to con-

ceal himself, has sooner or later occasion so to do. One precept of morality alone, may hold the place of every other. It is this: "Never do, "nor say any thing, which all the world might "not see and know:" and, for my part, I have always looked upon that Roman as the most estimable of man, who wanted his house to be constructed on such a plan, that people might see every thing which was done in it. It is the last degree of infamy, to lose with innocence, the sentiment which made it beloved.

There are some objects so odious, that it is not even permitted to a man of honour to look at them. The indignation of virtue cannot endure even the sight of vice.

The philosopher observes public irregularities which he cannot check; he observes them, and shews by his dejected countenance the pain they give him; but with regard to private irregularities, he endeavours to stop them, or he turns away his eyes, for fear they should be authorized by his presence.

The illusions caused by pride, are the sources of our greatest misfortunes; but the contemplation of human misery, always renders the philosopher moderate. He remains in his place; he does not discompose, or put himself to any trouble to go out of it; he does not waste unprofitably

his

his strength, to enjoy what he cannot preserve; but, employing it all to acquire real possession of what is his own, he is so much the richer for all that he desires less than us. Shall I, a mortal and perishable being, attempt to form everlasting ties on this earth; where every thing changes; where every thing passes away; and from whence I shall disappear to-morrow?

Patience is bitter; but the fruits of it are sweet.

We must possess an uncorrupted heart, to feel all the charms of retirement.

An uncorrupted soul may give us a taste for common occupations, as good health makes us relish the coarsest food.

The understanding decays by degrees, as the heart begins to be corrupted.

Whoever blushes, is already guilty; real innocence is ashamed of nothing.

Every thing that belongs to man, partakes of the instability of his state; every thing has an end, every thing is transitory in human life; and if the state which renders us happy, was to last for ever, custom would destroy our taste for it.— If nothing changes on the outside, the heart changes; happiness quits us, or we quit happiness.

Injustice

Injuſtice and fraud often find protection: they never, however, have the approbation of the public; it is in this reſpect that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

# VARIOUS THOUGHTS.

THE multiplicity of books of hiſtory and travels, which are every day printed, make us neglect the book of the world, or if we ſtill read it, every one keeps at his own page.

We are curious in proportion as we poſſeſs knowledge.

Ignorance is neither an obſtacle to good nor evil: it is only the natural ſtate of man.

Ignorance never has done any harm; error alone is fatal. We do not go wrong, becauſe we do not know a thing, but becauſe we think we know it.

Man naturally thinks very little. Thinking is an art which he learns like all the reſt, and even with greater difficulty.

Study wears out our machine, exhauſts the underſtanding, deſtroys the ſtrength, and puts our courage to ſleep; and this alone ſufficiently evinces that it is not made for us.

Nothing ſo effectually preſerves an habit of reflection, as the being more pleaſed with ourſelves than our fortune.

A fool

A fool may ſometimes reflect, but it is never till he has committed a folly.

It is only a geometrician and a fool that can talk without figures.

Criticiſm is very convenient; for where we attack with one word, whole pages are requiſite to defend.

There are few phraſes which may not be rendered ridiculous, by taking them ſingly, and without connection. This has always been a manœuvre of low and envious critics.

There is a certain ſtudied ſtyle, which, not being natural, nobody poſſeſſes of themſelves, and which marks the pretenſions of thoſe who make uſe of it.

The veracity of every obſerver, who piques himſelf on his wit, is to be ſuſpected. He may, without thinking of it, ſacrifice the truth of things to the brilliancy of his thoughts, and make the phraſe play at the expence of juſtice.

There is a certain ſimilarity of diſpoſition, which is diſcovered in a moment, and which ſoon produces intimacy.

The manly thoughts of a great mind, give them a particular idiom; and common ſouls do not poſſeſs the grammar of that language.

Thoſe who are the ſloweſt to promiſe, are, in general, the moſt faithful to their promiſe.



An

An excellent method to ſee the conſequence of things, is, to feel ſenſibly all the riſks they make us run.

Myſtery has ſometimes known how to extend its veil to the boſom even of turbulent joys, and the riots of feaſts. Gormandizing is the vice of empty hearts.

We can reſiſt every thing but benevolence; and there is not a ſurer method of gaining the love of others, than to begin by loving them ourſelves.

Of what an abſurdity are thoſe people guilty, who exhort us to do as they ſay, and not as they do! Whoever does not practiſe what he preaches, never preaches with any eloquence; for there, the language of the heart, which affects and perſuades, is wanting.

Thoſe hearts which are warmed by a cœleſtial fire, always find in their own ſentiments a pure and delicious enjoyment, independent of fortune, and the reſt of the univerſe.

Indiſcreet conſolations only ſerve to increaſe violent afflictions.

It is the length of misfortunes, chiefly, that renders them inſupportable; and the ſoul reſiſts, with much more eaſe, ſharp than long ſufferings.

A heart that is ſick, can hardly attend to reaſon, but through the organ of ſenſibility.

When love has got too great poſſeſſion of the heart, it is very difficult to baniſh it; it is ſtrength-

ened by fresh reinforcements, and, like a strong corrosive water, makes its way into every passage or canal.

A languishing heart is naturally tender: melancholy excites love.

The flowing jargon of gallantry is much more distant from real sentiment, than the most simple language that it can assume.

To praise people to their face, unless it be one's mistress, is nothing else than taxing them with vanity!

There are a number of clever paltroons, who seek, according to the phrase, to know their man; that is to say, to discover somebody who is still a greater coward than themselves, and at whose expence they may make themselves appear brave.

We never grow weary of our situation, when we are not acquainted with one more agreeable. Of all men in the word, savages are the least curious; every thing is indifferent to them; they do not enjoy things, but they enjoy themselves: they pass their life in doing nothing, and they are never weary.

The man of the world exists entirely in his mask. As he is almost never in himself, he is always a stranger, and uneasy at home, whenever he is obliged to return thither. What he really is, is to him nothing; what he appears to be, is every thing.

It is in ſplendid apartments that the ſcholar goes to learn the manners of the world; but the philoſopher learns the myſteries of it in the cottage of the poor.

One reaſon why ſermons are often uſeleſs, is, that they are made indifferently to all the world, without diſcernment or choice. How can it be thought that the ſame ſermon ſhould ſuit ſo numerous an audience, of ſuch different diſpoſitions, underſtandings, tempers, ages, ſex, rank, and opinion? There is not, perhaps, two, to whom what has been ſaid to the whole may be fitted; and all our affections have ſo little ſteadineſs, that there is not perhaps two minutes in the life of each man, in which the ſame diſcourſe made the ſame impreſſion.

Rewards are laviſhed on wit, and virtue remains unhonoured. There are a thouſand rewards for eloquent diſcourſes, none for great actions.

Liberty does not conſiſt in any particular form of government; but in the heart of the free man: he carries it every where with him. A baſe ſoul carries ſervitude every where with it.

To be poor, without being free, is the worſt ſtate into which a man can fall.

The dæmon of property infects every thing which it touches.

There is no aſſociation more common than that of luxury and parſimony.

In every caſe, in which the uſeful is ſubſtituted for

for the agreeable, the agreeable almoſt always gains the moſt votes.

Never did a man, who had no faults, poſſeſs any great virtues.

In the north, men conſume a great deal on a bad ſoil; in the ſouth, they conſume little on a fertile ſoil. From hence ariſes a difference which render the firſt laborious, and the ſecond contemplative. Society, in the ſame manner, exhibits a ſemblance ſimilar to the difference between the poor and the rich. The firſt inhabit the bad ſoil, and the laſt the fertile country.

I never knew a man who was poſſeſſed of real pride, ſhew any in his carriage. This affectation is much better ſuited to mean and vain men.

The happieſt marriage is expoſed to ſome dangers; and as a pure and tranquil water begins to be troubled before the approaching ſtorm, a timid and chaſte heart does not ſee, without ſome fear, the approaching change of its ſtate.

A good mother amuſes herſelf, in order to amuſe her children, as the dove ſoftens the grain in her ſtomach with which it feeds its young.

There is a difficulty, but no taſte, in troubling the order of nature, and in tearing from it involuntary productions, that it gives with regret, accompanied by its curſes, and which poſſeſſing neither quality nor taſte, can neither nouriſh the ſtomach, nor flatter the palate. Nothing is more inſipid than the

the firſt fruits : it is at a great expence that the rich people of Paris, with their ſtoves and hot-houſes, ſucceed in producing for their tables bad vegetables and bad fruits. If I had cherries when it froze, and melons in the middle of winter, with what pleaſure ſhould I taſte them, when my palate neither wants to be moiſtened nor refreſhed? Would the heavy cheſnut be pleaſant in the heat of the dog-days? Should I prefer it, coming out of the frying-pan, to currants, ſtrawberries, and other refreſhing fruits that the earth offers me, without ſo much labour?

To cover one's chimney in the month of January with forced vegetation, with pale flowers without any ſcent, this is not ſo much to embelliſh winter, as to deprive the ſpring of its beauties : it is depriving ourſelves of the pleaſure of going into the woods to ſeek the firſt violet, watch the firſt bud, and exclaim, in an agony of joy, Mortals, you are not forſaken; nature revives again.

How many doors of great houſes have porters, who only underſtand by ſigns, and whoſe ears are in their hands!

The ſpectacle of the world, ſaid Pythagoras, reſembles that of the Olympian games. Some keep ſhops, and think of nothing but their profit ; others pay with their perſons, and ſeek fame ; others are ſatisfied with ſeeing the games, and theſe are not the worſt off.

The

The East Indians, although very voluptuous, have all simple habitations, and those simply furnished. They look upon life as a journey, and their house as an inn. This reasoning has little effect upon us rich people, who make such preparations, as if we were to live for ever.

Hunting hardens the heart as well as the body; it makes us familiar with blood and cruelty. Diana has been represented to be an enemy to love, and the allegory is very just: the languor of love arises only in soft repose; violent exercise stifles tender sentiments. In woods, and in country places, the lover and the hunter are so differently affected by the same objects, that the ideas excited by these in the minds of each are directly contrary to each other. The cool shades, the bowers, and sweet retreats of the former, are mere pasture to the latter. In woods and thickets, where there is nothing heard but the singing of nightingales, the hunter imagines horns and the cries of dogs; the one dreams of nothing but dryads and nymphs; the other of nothing but huntsmen, hounds, and horses.

The abuse of the toilet does not proceed from the cause commonly assigned; and springs much more from weariness than vanity. A woman who passes six hours at her toilet, is not ignorant that she does not quit it better dressed than her who passes only half an hour: but it is so much of the killing length

of

of time paſſed, and it is better to be amuſed with ourſelves, than tired with every thing.

We ſuppoſe, that the phyſiognomy is only a ſimple developement of the features already marked by nature. For my part, I ſhould think, that beſides this developement, the features of a man's face are inſenſibly formed, and become expreſſive, by the frequent and habitual affections of the ſoul.— Theſe affections are marked on the face; nothing is more certain; and when they turn into habit, they cannot but leave durable impreſſions. For this reaſon it is, that I conceive the face to be an indication of the mind, and that we may ſometimes judge of the one by the other, without going to ſeek myſterious explanations, which imply knowledge that we do not poſſeſs.

To live in the world, we muſt know how to treat men: we muſt be acquainted with the weapons that give us power over them; we muſt calculate the action and re-action of private intereſt in civil ſociety, and foreſee events ſo well, as to be ſeldom wrong in our enterprizes, or at leaſt, as always to take the beſt methods to inſure ſucceſs.

Men, having heads ſo differently organized, cannot be all often equally convinced by the ſame arguments. What appears evident to one, does not even appear probable to another: one man, by his turn of thinking, is ſtruck only with one kind of proofs, another with a ſpecies of evidence wholly different.

Both

Both may agree in the ſame things, but ſeldom for the ſame reaſons; which clearly ſhews, how little ſenſe or argument there is in the diſpute.

Every age has its ſprings, which ſet it in motion; but the individual man is always the ſame. At ten years old he is managed by cakes; at twenty by a miſtreſs; at thirty by pleaſures; at forty by ambition; at fifty by avarice. When is it that he ſeeks nothing but wiſdom?

If love could be kept alive after marriage, it would be a paradiſe on earth.

It is very difficult for a ſtate ſo contrary to nature as celibacy, not to produce ſome public or private irregularity. Shew us the means of eſcaping the enemy that we continually carry with us.

Time loſes, with regard to us, its natural meaſure, when our paſſions attempt to regulate its courſe at pleaſure.

The watch of the ſage, is the equality of his temper, and the peace of his ſoul: it points at all times to his hour, and of this he is never ignorant.

The beſt manner of judging of his lectures, is to ſound the diſpoſitions in which they leave the ſoul. What advantage can there be in the poſſeſſion of a book, which does not lead us to virtue?

THE END.

